

THIS
BOOK
BELONGS
TO

R Stanley Crawford

26 Pitt St.

Sept. 16. 1918. St. John

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52 Mecklenburg St.

St. John N.B.

JS



KING EDWARD VII.

New Brunswick Readers

THE
FIFTH
READER

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New Brunswick*



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PREFACE.

IN the preparation of this volume, the aim has been to provide for pupils in advanced classes in Public Schools, and in all classes in High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, an extensive, varied, and interesting anthology. The choice of selections has been dictated primarily by a desire to improve the taste, train the judgment, ennoble the ideals, and exercise the imagination of the pupils, and to develop such a preference for good literature as may be a safeguard to them in after life when they are left to choose for themselves what they will read for recreation. The result is a collection of reading lessons of an exceptionally high order of merit and otherwise peculiarly fitted to accomplish the purpose in view.

Though the prose selections are fewer in number than the poems they amount in the aggregate to about one-half of the reading matter. Several of them are independent narratives or monographs, and when the use of excerpts is unavoidable care has been taken to make them as artistically complete as possible. The prose lessons of both kinds will be found an invaluable aid in the teaching of composition on account of the variety of styles they present and the kind of themes they suggest. Such names as Addison, Johnson, Scott, Macaulay, and Gladstone on one side of the Atlantic, and Irving, Hawthorne, and Burroughs on the other, not to mention writers of somewhat less note, are a guarantee that the selections made from their writings will be found peculiarly valuable for both dignity of thought and perfection of form.

All three kinds of poetry—lyric, epic, and dramatic—are represented in this anthology, the last chiefly by such dramatic monologues as Tennyson's "Ulysses" and Browning's "Italian in England." Both poets made extensive use of this

literary form, and the selections here inserted are highly characteristic of their authors. Their more popular and suitable compositions have been utilized to an unprecedented extent, a matter of exceptional importance in the case of poets who were indisputably foremost in the latter half of the last century, and who will not be soon or easily deprived of their pre-eminence during the present one. It is unnecessary to mention here the names of the many other poets from whose writings have been culled a large number of surpassingly beautiful gems of literature. Not the least interesting or valuable are the poems by colonial authors, both Canadian and Australian.

One aim in the compilation of this Reader has been to keep down the number of authors and make more extensive selections from the works of those whose writings are suitable for this purpose. It has in this way been rendered possible to make a special study of the works of each of several authors, such as Addison, Scott, Irving, and Macaulay in prose, and Tennyson, Browning, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Longfellow in poetry.

With a view to affording facilities for the comparative study of literature, irrespective of authorship, the selections have been arranged in groups about a series of general ideas. Obviously many of them might have been with equal justification placed in groups other than those to which they have been allotted. Some suggestions in relation to this extremely interesting and important subject will be found in the Appendix, which contains also essential or helpful information respecting some of the selections. In the case of excerpts the works from which they have been extracted are clearly indicated.

The utmost care has been taken to make this Reader as nearly as possible a perfect specimen of the book-making art. In every essential respect it will compare favorably with any collection of literature ever previously published. It is in fact as well as in name a "twentieth century" product.

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God of our Fathers Known of old -
Lord of our far-flung battle-line -
Beneath whose Angel Hand we hold
Dominion over Palm and pine -
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet -
lest we forget. lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The Captains and the Kings depart:
Still stands their ancient sacrifice -
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
lest we forget lest we forget!

Rudyard Kipling

The above is a facsimile of Kipling's manuscript of the first two stanzas of the "Recessional." The text of the remaining three stanzas will be found in the Appendix, in connection with the annotations on Tennyson's "Hands All Round."



FIFTH READER.

ON MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say, 5
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles Time’s tyrannic claim
To quench it !) here shines on me still the same. 10
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone 15
But gladly, as the precept were her own ;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she. 20

- My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Saw, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
5 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile!—it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
10 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
15 The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And disappointed still was still deceived,
20 By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
25 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more;
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day
Drew me to school along the public way,
30 Delighted with my bauble coach and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm and velvet capped,

ON MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

11

'Tis now become a history little known
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession! But the record fair
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there
 Still outlives many a storm that has effaced 5
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit, or confectionery plum; 10
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed.
 By thy own hand till fresh they shone and glowed;
 All this and, more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks 15
 That humor interposed too often makes;
 All this, still legible in memory's page
 And still to be so till my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honors to thee as my numbers may, 20
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
 Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hour
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine, 25
 I pricked them into paper with a pin
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile),
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here? 30
 I would not trust my heart;—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—

But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

- 5 Thou,—as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
 Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods that show
- 10 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar";
- 15 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distressed,—
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
- 20 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
- 25 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
 The son of parents passed into the skies.
 And now, farewell,—Time unrevoked has run
- 30 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;

To have renewed the joys that once were mine
 Without the sin of violating thine;
 And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic form of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

5

—WILLIAM COWPER.

DORA.

With Farmer Allan at the farm abode
 William and Dora. William was his son
 And she his niece. He often look'd at them
 And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife." 10
 Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all
 And yearn'd toward William; but the youth, because
 He had been always with her in the house,
 Thought not of Dora. Then there came a day
 When Allan call'd his son and said, "My son, 15
 I married late, but I would wish to see
 My grandchild on my knees before I die,
 And I have set my heart upon a match.
 Now therefore look to Dora: she is well 20
 To look to, thrifty too beyond her age.
 She is my brother's daughter; he and I
 Had once hard words and parted, and he died
 In foreign lands, but for his sake I bred
 His daughter Dora; take her for your wife,
 For I have wish'd this marriage night and day 25
 For many years." But William answer'd short:
 "I cannot marry Dora; by my life
 I will not marry Dora." Then the old man

15

20

25

Was wroth, and doubled up his hands and said,
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
5 Consider, William; take a month to think
And let me have an answer to my wish,
Or by the Lord that made me you shall pack
And never more darken my doors again."

But William answer'd madly, bit his lips,
10 And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her, and his ways were harsh
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house
And hired himself to work within the fields,
15 And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said, "My girl, I love you well,
But if you speak with him that was my son
20 Or change a word with her he calls his wife
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be; my uncle's mind will change!"

And days went on, and there was born a boy
25 To William; then distresses came on him,
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
30 Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat

And look'd with tears upon her boy and thought
 Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said,
 "I have obey'd my uncle until now,
 And I have sinn'd for it was all thro' me
 This evil came on William at the first.
 But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone
 And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
 And for this orphan I am come to you:
 You know there has not been for these five years
 So full a harvest; let me take the boy
 And I will set him in my uncle's eye
 Among the wheat, that when his heart is glad
 Of the full harvest he may see the boy
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child and went her way
 Across the wheat and sat upon a mound
 That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
 Far off the farmer came into the field
 And spied her not, for none of all his men
 Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
 And Dora would have risen and gone to him
 But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came she rose and took
 The child once more and sat upon the mound
 And made a little wreath of all the flowers
 That grew about and tied it round his hat
 To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
 Then, when the farmer pass'd into the field,
 He spied her and he left his men at work
 And came and said, "Where were you yesterday?
 Whose child is that? What a. doing here?"

So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"

"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again,

5 "Do with me as you will but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!

10 You knew my word was law and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy,
But go you hence and never see me more."

So saying he took the boy that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell

15 At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head
Remembering the day when first she came
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
20 And wept in secret, and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise

25 To God that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answered Mary, "This shall never be,
30 That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself;
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy
For he will teach him hardness and to slight

His mother, therefore thou and I will go,
 And I will have my boy and bring him home,
 And I will beg of him to take thee back;
 But if he will not take thee back again
 Then thou and I will live within one house
 And work for William's child until he grows
 Of age to help us." So the women kiss'd
 Each other and set out and reach'd the farm.
 The door was off the latch; they peep'd and saw
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm
 And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks
 Like one that loved him; and the lad stretch'd out
 And babbled for the golden seal that hung
 From Allan's watch and sparkled by the fire.
 Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
 His mother he cried out to come to her;
 And Allan set him down, and Mary said
 "O Father!—if you let me call you so—
 I never came a-begging for myself,
 Or William, or this child; but now I come
 For Dora; take her back; she loves you well.
 O, Sir, when William died he died at peace
 With all men; for I asked him, and he said
 He could not ever rue his marrying me—
 I had been a patient wife; but, Sir, he said
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
 'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
 The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then he turn'd
 His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
 But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
 Will make him hard and he will learn to slight

His father's memory, and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."

- So Mary said and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room
5 And all at once the old man burst in sobs:
"I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son;
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children." Then they clung about
10 The old man's neck and kiss'd him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse,
And all his love came back a hundredfold,
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child
Thinking of William. So those four abode
15 Within one house together; and as years
Went forward Mary took another mate,
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

- I WAS thy neighbor once, thou rugged pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee;
20 I saw thee every day, and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.
So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked thy image still was there:
25 It trembled but it never passed away.
How perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep,
No mood which season takes away or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

19

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the painter's hand
To express what then I saw, and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream,

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile,
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been; 'tis so no more;
I have submitted to a new control;
A power has gone that nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea and be what I have been.
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, friend! who would have been the
friend,

If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend—
This sea in anger and that dismal shore.

Oh, 'tis a passionate work!—yet wise and well,
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;
 That hulk which labors in the deadly swell,
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear.

- 5 And this huge castle standing here sublime :
 I love to see the look with which it braves,
 Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

- Farewell, farewell, the heart that lives alone,
 10 Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind !
 Such happiness wherever it be known
 Is to be pitied, for 'tis surely blind.

- But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne !
 15 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here—
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO A BROTHER.

- “MORE than my brothers are to me,”—
 Let this not vex thee, noble heart !
 I know thee of what force thou art
 20 To hold the costliest love in fee.

But thou and I are one in kind,
 As moulded like in Nature's mint ;
 And hill and wood and field did print
 The same sweet forms in either mind.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

21

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd
Thro' all his eddyng coves; the same
All winds that roam the twilight came
In whispers of the beauteous world.

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,
One lesson from one book we learn'd,
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd
To black and brown on kindred brows.

And so my wealth resembles thine;
But he was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
That bright May morning long ago
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
The lark sang loud and high,
The red was on your lip, Mary,
The love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
The corn is green again.

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
Your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more may speak.

6 I'm very lonely now, Mary,—
The poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
10 My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
15 But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
20 Were it fifty times as fair.

And when amid those grand old woods
I sit and shut my eyes,
My heart will travel back again
To where my Mary lies;
25 I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn and bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

THE LITTLE MIDSHIPMAN.

Who is this? A careless little midshipman, idling about in a great city, with his pockets full of money. He is waiting for the coach; it comes up presently, and he gets on the top of it and begins to look about him. ⁵

They soon leave the chimney-tops behind them; his eyes wander with delight over the harvest-fields, he smells the honeysuckle in the hedge-row, and he wishes he was down among the hazel-bushes that he might strip them of ¹⁰ their milky nuts.

Then he sees a great waggon piled up with barley, and he wishes he was seated on the top of it; then they go through a little wood, and he likes to see the checkered shadows of ¹⁵ the trees lying across the white road; and then a squirrel runs up a bough, and he cannot forbear to whoop and halloo, though he cannot chase it to its nest.

The passengers go on talking,—the little ²⁰ midshipman has told them who he is and where he is going. But there is one man who has never joined in the conversation; he is dark-looking and restless; he sits apart; he has heard the rattling of coin in the boy's pocket, ²⁵

now he watches him more narrowly than
re.

The lad has told the other passengers that his father's house is the parsonage at Y——; the coach goes within five miles of it, and he means to get down at the nearest point and walk, or rather run, over to his home through the great wood.

The man decides to get down, too, and go through the wood. He will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out or struggles, he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chance against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down. It is too light at present for his deed of darkness and too near the entrance of the wood, but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

But what prompts the little midshipman, when not fifty yards from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear,—he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for home, makes him dash off suddenly with a whoop and a bound. On he goes as if running a race; the path bends and the man loses sight of him. "But I shall have him yet," he thinks; "he cannot keep this pace up long."

The boy has nearly reached the place where

the path divides when he starts up a young white owl that can scarcely fly, and it goes whirring along close to the ground before him. He gains upon it; another moment, and it will be his. Now he gets the start again; they ⁵ come to the branching of the paths and the bird goes down the wrong one. The temptation to follow is too strong to be resisted. He knows that somewhere, deep in the wood, there is a cross track by which he can get into the ¹⁰ path he has left. It is only to run a little faster, and he will be at home nearly as soon. On he rushes; the path takes a bend, and he is just out of sight when his pursuer comes where the paths divide. The boy has turned to ¹⁵ the right; the man takes the left, and the faster they both run the farther they are asunder.

The boy does not know this part of the wood but he runs on. O little midshipman! why did you chase that owl? If you had kept ²⁰ in the path with the dark man behind you there was a chance that you might have outrun him; or, if he had overtaken you, some passing wayfarer might have heard your cries, and come to save you. Now you are running ²⁵ on straight to your death, for the forest water is deep and black at the bottom of this hill. Oh that the moon might come out and show it to you!

The moon is under a thick canopy of heavy black clouds, and there is not a star to glitter on the water and make it visible. The fern is soft under his feet as he runs and slips down the sloping hill. At last he strikes his foot against a stone, stumbles, and falls. A second more and he will roll into the black water! "Heyday!" cries the boy, "what's this? Oh, how it tears my hands! Oh, this thorn-bush! Oh, my arms! I can't get free!" He struggles and pants. "All this comes of leaving the path," he says; "I shouldn't have cared for rolling down if it hadn't been for this bush. The fern was soft enough. I'll never stray in a wood at night again. There, free at last! And my jacket nearly torn off my back!" With a great deal of patience and a great many scratches he gets free of the thorn which arrested his progress when his feet were within a yard of the water, manages to scramble up the bank, and makes the best of his way through the wood.

And now, as the clouds move slowly onward, the moon shows her face on the black surface of the water, and the little white owl comes and hoots and flutters over it like a wandering snow-drift. But the boy is deep in the wood again and knows nothing of the danger from which he has escaped.

All this time the dark passenger follows the main track and believes that his prey is before him. At last he hears a crashing of dead boughs, and presently the little midshipman's voice not fifty yards before him. Yes; it is too true; the boy is in the cross track. He will soon pass the cottage in the wood, and after that his pursuer will come upon him.

The boy bounds into the path, but as he passes the cottage he is so thirsty and so hot¹⁰ that he thinks he must ask the occupants if they can give him a glass of water. He enters without ceremony. "Water?" says the woodman, who is sitting at his supper, "yes; we can give thee a glass of water, or perhaps my¹⁵ wife will give thee a drink of milk. Come in." So he goes in and shuts the door, and while he sits waiting for the milk footsteps pass. They are the footsteps of his pursuer, who goes on angry and impatient that he has not yet²⁰ come up with him.

The woman goes to her little dairy for the milk, and the boy thinks she is gone a long time. He drinks it, thanks her, and takes his leave.

Fast and faster the man runs, and as fast²⁵ as he can the boy runs after him. It is very dark, but there is a yellow streak in the sky, where the moon is ploughing up a furrowed

mass of gray cloud and one or two stars are blinking through the branches of the trees.

Fast the boy follows, and fast the man runs on with a stake in his hand for a weapon. Suddenly he hears the joyous whoop—not before but behind him. He stops and listens breathlessly. Yes; it is so. He pushes himself into the thicket and raises his stake to strike when the boy shall pass. On he comes, running lightly with his hands in his pockets. A sound strikes at the same instant on the ears of both, and the boy turns back from the very jaws of death to listen. It is the sound of wheels and it draws rapidly nearer. A man comes up driving a little gig.

“Holloa!” he says in a loud, cheerful voice.

“What! benighted, youngster?”

“O! is it you, Mr. D——?” says the boy;

“no, I am not benighted; or at any rate I know my way out of the wood.”

The man draws farther back among the shrubs. “Why, bless the boy,” he hears the farmer say, “to think of our meeting in this way! The parson told me he was in hopes of seeing thee some day this week. I’ll give thee a lift. This is a lone place to be in at this time o’ night.”

“Lone!” says the boy, laughing. “I don’t mind that; and if you know the way it’s as

safe as the quarter-deck." So he gets into the farmer's gig, and is once more out of reach of the pursuer.

But the man knows that the farmer's house is a quarter of a mile nearer than the parsonage, and in that quarter of a mile there is yet a chance of committing the robbery. He determines still to make the attempt and cuts across the wood with such rapid strides that he reaches the farmer's gate just as the gig¹⁰ drives up to it.

"Well, thank you, farmer," says the midshipman as he prepares to get down.

"I wish you good night, gentlemen," says the man when he passes.

"Good night, friend," the farmer replies. "I say, my boy, it's a dark night enough, but I have a mind to drive you on to the parsonage and hear the rest of this long tale of yours about the sea-serpent."¹⁵

The little wheels go on again. They pass the man, and he stands still in the road to listen till the sound dies away. Then he flings his stake into the hedge and goes back again. His evil purposes have all been frustrated,—²⁰ the thoughtless boy has baffled him at every turn.

Now the little midshipman is at home,—the joyful meeting has taken place; and, when they

have all admired his growth, and measured his height on the window-frame, and seen him eat his supper, they begin to question him about his adventures more for the pleasure of hearing him talk than from any curiosity.

"Adventures!" says the boy, seated between his father and mother on a sofa, "why, mother, I did write you an account of the voyage, and there's nothing else to tell. Nothing happened to-day,—at least nothing particular."

"Nothing particular!" If they could have known, they would have thought lightly in comparison of the dangers of "the jib-boom end and the main-top-mast cross-trees." But they did not know any more than we know the dangers that hourly beset us.

We are aware of some few dangers and we do what we can to provide against them, but, for the greater portion "our eyes are held that we cannot see." We walk securely under His guidance without whom "not a sparrow falleth to the ground"; and, when we have had escapes at which the angels have wondered, we come home and say, perhaps, that "nothing has happened,—at least, nothing particular."

—JEAN INGELOW.

"Think well over your important steps in life, and, having made up your minds, never look behind."

—Hughes.

DAVID SWAN.

WE have nothing to do with David Swan until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say that he was a native of New Hampshire born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton Academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade and await the coming up of the first stage-coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh, bubbling spring that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him, the dust did not yet rise from the road after the heavy rain of yesterday, and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured

drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide-awake and passed to and fro afoot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed-chamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity upon David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the lecture of his evening's discourse as an awful instance of dead-drunkenness by the road-side. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along and was brought

to a star still nearly in front of David's resting-place. A liner-pin had fallen out and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly gentleman and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple-trees and there espied the bubbling fountain¹⁰ and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow, and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown lest¹⁵ David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that brought on without an opiate would be worth more to²⁰ me than half my income, for it would suppose health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."²⁵

The longer they looked the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the wayside and the maple-shade were as a secret chamber with the rich

gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face the lady contrived to twist a branch aside so as to intercept it, and having done this little act of kindness she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we waken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet Fortune was bending over him just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son and had no heir to his wealth except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician and awaken a young man to splendor, who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile when a pretty young girl came along tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth, if silk it were, was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple-trees and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing as red as any rose that she should have intruded, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark

shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from the maple-shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath and a deeper blush she stole a glance at the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why at least did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires he yearned to meet. Her only could he love with a perfect love—him only could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side; should it pass away its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again. "How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl. She departed,

but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened at that identical time to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk and all else in natural succession. So here again had good fortune—the best of fortunes—¹⁰ stolen so near that her garments brushed against him, and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple-shade. Both had dark faces set off by cloth caps,¹⁵ which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet they had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other²⁰ business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow—²⁵

“Hist! Do you see that bundle under his head?”

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

“I'll bet you a horn of brandy,” said the

first, "that the chap has either a pocket-book or a snug little hoard of small change stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons' pocket."

5 "But how if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, 10 while one pointed the dagger towards his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces—grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear—bent over their victim, looking horribly enough to be mistaken 15 for fiends should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect even when asleep 20 on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the other.

But at this moment a dog scenting along 25 the ground came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do

nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust back the ⁵ weapon into his bosom and drew forth a pocket-pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and ¹⁰ left the spot with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that ¹⁵ the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the ²⁰ glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of ²⁵ toil had burdened it. Now he stirred—now moved his lips, without a sound—now talked in an inward tone to the noonday spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling

louder and louder along the road until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber—and there was the stage-coach. He started up with all his ideas about him.

5 “Holloa, driver! Take a passenger?” shouted he.

“Room on top!” answered the driver.

Up mounted David and bowled away merrily towards Boston without so much as a parting
10 glance at that fountain of dream-like vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of Death had threatened to
15 crimson them with his blood, all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence that,
20 while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough in mortal life to render foresight even partially available?

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

“Vigilance in watching opportunity, tact and daring in seizing upon opportunity, force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost of possible achievement—these are the martial virtues which must command success.”

—Phelps.

MAUD MÜLLER.

MAUD MÜLLER on a summer's day
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing she wrought, and in merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

5

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

10

A wish that she hardly dared to own
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid,

15

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

20

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and the flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees,

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

5 And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
10 Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed : "Ah me !
Tha. I the Judge's bride might be !

He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

15 My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day

And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
20 And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Müller standing still :

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
25 Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet,

And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

Would she were mine and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay :

No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

But low of cattle and songs of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words,"

5

But he thought of his sister proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

10

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion as he for power.

15

Yet oft in his marble hearth's bright glow
He watched a picture come and go,

And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

20

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover blooms ;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,— 25
"Ah, that I were free again !

Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

5 But care and sorrow and childbirth pain
Left their traces on heart and brain ;

And oft when the summer's sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

10 And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the road-side, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

15 Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls :

The weary wheel to a spinet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned :

20 And for him who sat by the chimney lug
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again
Saying only, "It might have been."

25 Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

IN MEMORIAM.

45

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!"

Ah, well for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes,

And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

IN MEMORIAM.

ONE writes, that "Other friends remain,"
That "Loss is common to the race"—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

10

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break.

15

O father, whereso'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son:
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

20

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought,

5 Expecting still his advent home,
 And ever met him on his way
 With wishes, thinking, "here to-day,"
Or "here to-morrow will he come."

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,
10 That sittest ranging golden hair,
 And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest;
15 And thinking "this will please him best,"
She takes a riband or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;
And with the thought her color burns;
And, having left the glass, she turns
20 Once more to set a ringlet right;

And even when she turn'd the curse
Had fallen, and her future Lord
Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

25 O what to her shall be the end?
 And what to me remains of good?
 To her perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives far and near as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled they are clothed in blue and purple and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded

by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts surmounted with weathercocks.

10 In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-
15 natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited,
20 however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance
25 might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers,

doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing and, if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity, and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of

assiduity or perseverance, for he would sit on a wet rock with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never
10 refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands and
15 to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them:—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.
20

In fact he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go
25 wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow thicker in his field than anywhere else; the rain always made a point

of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that, though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management acre by acre until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness,¹⁰ promised to inherit the habits with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up¹⁵ with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals of foolish well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white²⁰ bread or brown whichever can be got with the least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment, but his wife²⁵ kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night her tongue was

incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that by frequent use had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master, for Dame Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods;—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on : a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used ⁵ to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn designated by a ¹⁰ rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would ¹⁵ have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would ²⁰ listen to the contents as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary ; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public ²⁵ events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village and landlord of the inn, at the

door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree, so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently and to send forth short frequent and angry puffs, but when pleased he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to

despair, and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

15

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued he threw himself late in the afternoon on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course,

with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

5 On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shaggy, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip
10 lay musing on the scene; evening was gradually advancing, the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village and he heaved a heavy
15 sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round,
20 but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening
25 air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing

over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but, supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and buttons at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed to contain liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or

rather cleft, between lofty rocks toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, supposing it to be the muttering of those transient thunder-showers which come to the place in mountain-heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine they came to a hollow like a small amphitheatre surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brink of which depending trees shot their
10 branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence, for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the
15 object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre new objects of
20 wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long
25 knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another

seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. ⁵ He was a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group re- ¹⁰ minded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

¹⁵ What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of ²⁰ pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

²⁵ As Rip and his companion approached them they suddenly desisted from their play and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange uncouth lack-lustre coun-

tenances, that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured when no eye was fixed upon him to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—

the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon —“Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip; “what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun but, in place ⁵ of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a ¹⁰ trick upon him and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name all ¹⁵ in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As ²⁰ he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. “These mountain beds do not agree with me,” thought Rip, “and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a ²⁵ blessed time with Dame Van Winkle.” With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening,

but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it—leaping from rock to rock and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He however made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and wild-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, spreading a kind of net-work in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre, but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here then poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife;

but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same—¹⁵ when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels hooting after him and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of whom he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed; the very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never ²⁵ seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind

now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”
10 It was with some difficulty that he found his way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof
15 fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by his name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind
20 cut indeed—“My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears; he called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore there was now reared a tall naked pole with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes; all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was seriously metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy bustling disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad

5

face, double chin, and long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — elections — members of congress — liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—
10 and other words which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at
15 his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which
20 side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe inquired in his ear "Whether he was a Federal or a Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to com-
25 prehend the question, when a knowing self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed and, planting himself before Van

Winkle with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating as it were into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder⁵ and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village!" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of this place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless¹⁰ him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in¹⁵ the cocked hat restored order, and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, he demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant²⁰ no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they?—name them!"

Rip bethought himself a moment and in-²⁵quired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why he is dead and gone

these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher!"

5 "O, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point, others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back
10 again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these
15 sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too by treating of such enormous lapses of time and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony
20 Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle
25 yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise countenance of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely con-

founded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I am not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed¹⁰ my gun, and everything's changed, and I am changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their¹⁵ fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper also about securing the gun and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.²⁰ At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried²⁵ she, "hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

5 "Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun and never has been heard of since; his dog came home without him, but whether he shot himself, or was
10 carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more, but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

15 Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedler.

There was a drop of comfort at least in this intelligence. The honest man could con-
20 tain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

25 All stood amazed until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow and peering under it into his face for a moment exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome

home again, old neighbor.—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who when the alarm was over had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with

his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard one summer afternoon the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

10 To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer
15 for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an
20 hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and
25 tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be

idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village and a chronicler of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip or could be made to comprehend the strange things that had taken place during his torpor; how that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England, and that instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third he was now a free citizen of the United States.

Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was at first observed to vary on some points every

time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down to precisely the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty.

10 The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their
15 game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

“He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.”

Dante.

“Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.”

—Franklin.

“Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckonings.”

—Gladstone.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

It is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

5

He holds him with his skinny hand:
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

10

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

15

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:

20

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merely did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

5 "Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon"—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
10 Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
15 And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:

"And now the storm-blast came and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings
20 And chased us south along.

"With sloping mast and dipping prow,
As who, pursued with yell and blow,
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
25 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold,
And ice mast-high came floating by
30 As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen ;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there. 5
The ice was all around ;
It cracked and growled and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

"At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ; 10
As if it had been a Christian soul
We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ! 15
The helmsman steered us through !

"And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The albatross did follow,
And every day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo ! 20

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, Ancient Mariner ! 25
From the fiends that plague thee thus !—
Why look'st thou so ?"—"With my crossbow
I shot the albatross.

PART II.

"THE sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

5 "And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo !

10 "And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe :
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch !' said they, 'the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow !'

15 "Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist :
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
20 That bring the fog and mist.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

25 "Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down ;
'Twas sad as sad could be,
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion :
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean. 5

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere, 10
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea. 15

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white. 20

"And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue through utter drought
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot. 25

“ Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young!
 Instead of the cross, the albatross
 About my neck was hung.

PART III.

5 “ THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
 Was parched, and glazed each eye.
 A weary time! a weary time!
 How glazed each weary eye,
 When looking westward I beheld
 10 A something in the sky.

“ At first it seemed a little speck,
 And then it seemed a mist;
 It moved and moved, and took at last
 A certain shape, I wist.

15 “ A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
 And still it neared and neared:
 As if it dodged a water-sprite
 It plunged and tacked and veered.

20 “ With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could nor laugh nor wail;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, ‘ A sail! a sail!’

25 “ With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call:
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

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"See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal,—
Without a breeze without a tide
She steadies with upright keel!"

"The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright sun,
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

5

10

"And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

"Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

15

"Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?"

20

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

25

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

5 "The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

10 "We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,
From the sails the dew did drip—
15 Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd moon with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

"One after one by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
20 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang
And cursed me with his eye.

"Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sign nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
25 They dropped down one by one.

"The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe;
And every soul it passed me by
Like the whiz of my cross-bow!"

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

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PART IV.

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!

I fear thy skinny hand!

And thou art long and lank and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand!

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."

5

"Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,

Alone on a wide, wide sea!

10

And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful!

And they all dead did lie;

And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I.

15

"I looked upon the rotting sea

And drew my eyes away;

I looked upon the rotting deck,

And there the dead men lay.

20

"I looked to Heaven and tried to pray;

But or ever a prayer had gusht,

A wicked whisper came and made

My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids and kept them close,

And the balls like pulses beat;

25

For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky

Lay like a load on my weary eye,

And the dead were at my feet

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reck did they :
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

5 "An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights I saw that curse,
10 And yet I could not die.

"The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

15 "Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burned away,
A still and awful red.

20 "Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white
And, when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

25 "Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware;
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

5

"The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off and sank
Like lead into the sea.

10

PART V.

"On sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven
That slid into my soul.

15

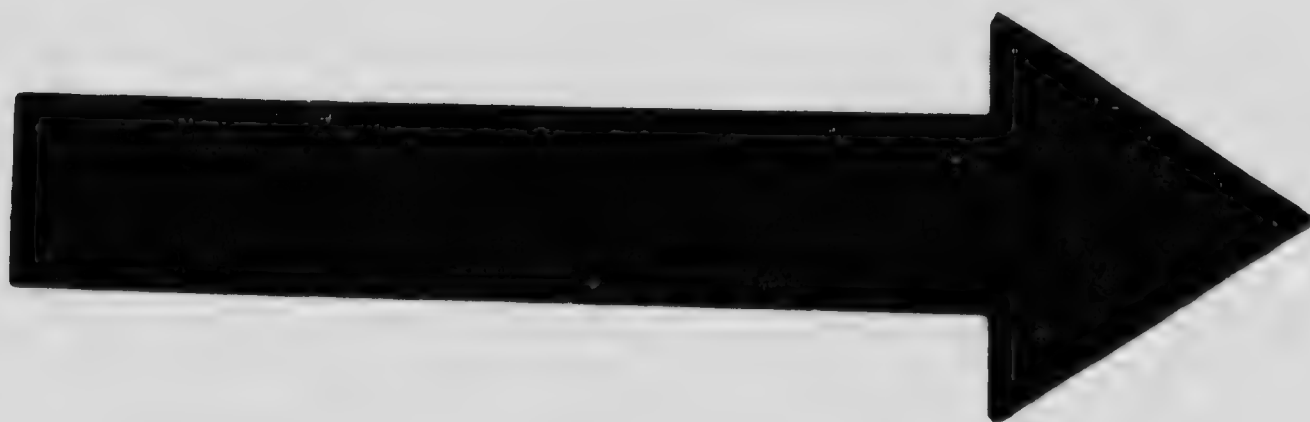
The silly buckets on the deck
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
And when I woke it rained.

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

20

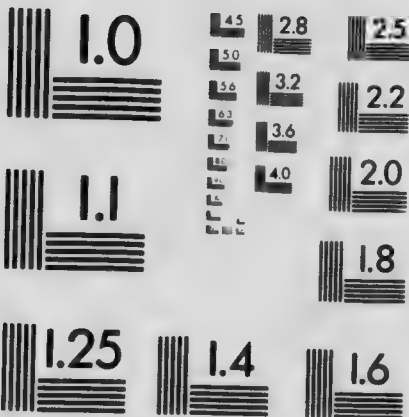
"I moved and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep
And was a blessed ghost.

25



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

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"And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear,
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere.

5 "The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro and in and out
The wan stars danced between.

10 "And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge,
And the rain poured down from one black cloud,
The moon was at its edge.

15 "The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

20 "The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

25 "They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange even in a dream
+ To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew ;

The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

“The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.” 5

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner !”
“Be calm, thou wedding-guest ;
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again
But a troop of spirits blest ; 10

“For when it dawned—they dropped their arms
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths
And from their bodies passed. 15

“Around, around, flew each sweet sound
Then darted to the sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one. 20

“Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning ! 25

“And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute. 30

"It ceased, yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
5 That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
10 Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel nine fathom deep
From the land of mist and snow
The spirit slid, and it was he
That made the ship to go.
15 The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

"The sun right up above the mast
Had fixed her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir
20 With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawing horse let go
She made a sudden bound;
25 It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;

But, ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

“‘Is it he?’ quoth one, ‘Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

5

“‘The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.’

10

“The other was a softer voice,
As soft as hon^{ey}-dew;
Quoth he, ‘The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.’”

15

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

“‘But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes the ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?’”

SECOND VOICE.

“‘Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

20

“‘If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.

25

See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him."

FIRST VOICE.

"'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'"

SECOND VOICE.

5 "'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

 "'Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go
10 When the Mariner's trance is abated.'"

 "I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

15 "All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

 "The pang, the curse, with which they died,
20 Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

 "And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
25 And looked far forth yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

5

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade.

10

"It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

15

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk!
Is this mine own countree?

20

"We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep away.

25

"The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

30

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

5 "And the bay was white with silent light
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes that shadows were
In crimson colors came.

10 "A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were ;
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

15 "Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

20 "This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

25 "But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

5

10

PART VII.

"This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

15

"He kneels at morn and noon and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotten old oak-stump.

"The skiff-boat neared; I heard them talk:
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now?'

20

"'Strange, by my faith!' the hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

25

"'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
By forest brook along,
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owllet whoops to the wolf below
5 That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look'
(The pilot made reply),
'I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the hermit cheerily.

10 "The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

15 "Under the water it rumbled on
Still louder and more dread;
It reached the ship, it split the bay,
The ship went down like lead.

"Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound
Which sky and ocean smote,
20 Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat,
But swift as dreams myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

25 "Upon the whirl where sank the ship
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;

The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars; the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro; 5
'Ah! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land! 10
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say— 15
What manner of man art thou?'

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free. 20

"Since then at an uncertain hour
That agony returns,
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

"I pass like night from land to land;
I have strange power of speech; 25
The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

“What loud uproar bursts from that door
The wedding-guests are there ;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are :
5 And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

“O wedding-guest ! this soul has been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely ’twas, that God himself
10 Scarce seemèd : there to be.

“O sweeter than the marriage-feast
’Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company ! —

15 “To walk together to the kirk
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

20 “Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest !
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

25 “He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

The Mariner, whose eye is bright
Whose beard with age is hoar,

Is gone : and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that had been stunned
And is of sense forlorn ;
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

6

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ROSABELLE.

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !

No haughty feat of arms I tell :
Soft is the note and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

10

" Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew,
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

" The blackening wave is edged with white,
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

15

" Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch :
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?"

20

" 'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

25

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

5 O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

10 It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
15 Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
20 And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

25 There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St. Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CRUSADER AND SARACEN.

A SOLITARY journey mattered little to the 5
Crusader, who was accustomed to consider his
good sword as his safest escort and devout
thoughts as his best companion. Nature had,
however, her demands for refreshment and re-
pose even on the iron frame and patient dis-10
position of the Knight of the Sleeping Leo-
pard, and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at
some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the
sight of two or three palm-trees which arose be-
side the well assigned for his mid-day station.15
His good horse, too, which had plodded forward
with the steady endurance of his master, now
lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and
quickenened his pace as if he snuffed afar off
the living waters which marked the place of20
repose and refreshment. But labor and danger
were doomed to intervene ere the horse or
horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard
continued to fix his eyes attentively on the25

yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object were moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees which partly hid its motions, and advanced toward the knight with a speed⁵ which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind on his nearer approach proved to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man¹⁰ meets a friend." The Crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe—perhaps, as a vowed champion of the cross,¹⁵ he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur,²⁰ and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more²⁵ by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins which hung loose in his left hand, so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin

of the rhinoceros ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand and brandished at arm's length above his head.

As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard would put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion, and on the contrary made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock his own weight and that of his powerful charger would give him sufficient advantage without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity and rode twice round his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded

point, so that the Saracen wheeling his horse was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards.

A second time like a hawk attacking a heron the heathen renewed the charge and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow and with a strong hand and unerring aim hurled it against the head of the emir—for such, and not less, his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head, but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence the Saracen was beaten from his horse.

Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap his nimble foeman sprang from the ground and calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter

had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously
5 out of reach of that weapon of which he had so lately felt the force while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene
10 of combat he strung with great address a short bow which he carried at his back and, putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he dis-
15 charged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places.

The seventh shaft apparently found a less
20 perfect part of the armor, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within
25 the grasp of the European who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt in which

the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold and, thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows both of which were attached to the girdle which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: he approached the Christian with his right hand extended but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said in the *lingua franca* commonly used for the purpose of communication with the crusaders, "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard, "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the prophet was never broken," answered the emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross o' my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is no treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent, and the late foes without an angry look or gesture of doubt rode side by side to the little cluster of palm-trees.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CAVALRY CHARGES AT BALAKLAVA.

THE cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The light cavalry brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive: between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below.

The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet. Gathering speed at every stride they dash on towards that thin red streak topped with a line of steel. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great: the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense everyone awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock, but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards another deadly volley flashes from the leveled rifles and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators.

But events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that they never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir

Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers.

Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Searlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians, evidently *corps d'élite*, their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left at an easy gallop towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of gray-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said.

The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was

at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy: but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarcely enough to let the horses “gather way,” nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms.

The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left so as to meet the Russian right the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the red-coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers and in broken order against the second line, which is advancing against them

as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man and the thought of many.

With unabated fire, the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians—which had been smashed utterly by our charge and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre—were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scott were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already gray horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force like a bolt from a bow, the second line of the heavy brigade rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of cardboard and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout.

* * * * *

And now occurred the melancholy catastrophe which fills us all with sorrow. It appears that the Quartermaster-General, Brigadier Airey, thinking that the light cavalry had not gone far enough in front when the enemy's horse

had fled, gave an order in writing to Captain Nolan to take to Lord Lucan, directing his lordship "to advance" his cavalry nearer to the enemy. Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so.

• It is a maxim of war that "cavalry never act without a support," that "infantry should be close at hand when cavalry carry guns as the effect is only instantaneous," and that it is necessary to have on the flank of a line of cavalry some squadrons in column the attack on the flank being most dangerous. The only support our light cavalry had was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them, the infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns could be reached, of a mile and a half in length!

At ten minutes past eleven our light cavalry brigade advanced. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment according to the numbers of continental armies, and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept

proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendor of war.

We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses. Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true. Their desperate valor knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed upon the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who beheld these heroes rushing to the arms of Death.

At the distance of twelve hundred yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth from thirty iron mouths a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken—it is joined by the second—they never halt or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks thinned by those thirty guns which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewn with

their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed into their midst, cutting down the gunners where they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said: to our delight we saw them returning after breaking through a column of Russian infantry and scattering it like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and riderless horses flying towards us told the sad tale. Demi-gods could not have done what they had failed to do.

At the very moment when they were about to retreat an enormous mass of Lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell saw the danger and rode his few men straight to them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter.

With courage too great almost for credence they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian

gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin!

It was as much as our heavy cavalry could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of the band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and the dying, was left in front of those guns.

—WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL. 15

THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
 "Good-speed !" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew ;
 "Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest, 20
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
 place ;

114 THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

5 'Twas moonset at starting, but while we drew near
Lokeren the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,

10 So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
15 With resolute shoulders each butting away
The haze as some bluff river headland its spray,

And his low head and crest just one sharp ear bent
back

For my voice and the other pricked out on his track,
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
20 O'er its white edge at me his own master askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned, and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
25 We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees

And sunk tail and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a nitiless laugh,
'Neath our foot broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff; 5

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone; 10
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall, 15
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood! 20

And all I remember is friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent) 25
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

ON HORSEBACK.

HURRAH! for a ride in the morning gray
On the back of a bounding steed;
What pleasure to list how the wild winds play:
Hark! Hark! to their music,—away! away!

5 Gallop away with speed.
'Neath the leaf and the cloud in spring-time's pride
There is health in a morning's joyous ride.

And hurrah! for a ride in the sultry noon
When the summer has mounted high,
10 'Neath the shady wood in the glowing June
When the rivulet chanteth its lullaby tune
To the breeze as it wanders by;
Quietly down by the brooklet's side,
Sweet is the summ. ous ride.

15 And do you not love at evening's hour
By the light of the sinking sun
To wend your way o'er the widening moor
: Where the silvery mists their mystery pour
While the stars come one by one?
20 Over the heath by the mountain's side,
Pensive and sweet is the evening's ride.

I tell thee, O stranger, that unto me
The plunge of a fiery steed
Is a noble thought,—to the brave and free
25 It is music and breath and majesty,—
'Tis the life of a noble deed;
And the heart and the mind are in spirit allied
In the charm of a morning's glorious ride.

REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN. 117

Then hurrah! for the ring of the bridle-rein,—
Away, brave horse, away!

The preacher or poet may chant his strain,
The bookman his wine of the past may drain,—

5 We bide not with them to-day;
And yet, it is true, we may look with pride
On the mental spoils of a morning's ride.

—E. PAXTON HOOD.

REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN.

I saw the curl of his waving lash

And the glance of his knowing eye,

10 And I knew that he thought he was cutting a dash
As his steed went thundering by.

And he may ride in the rattling gig,

Or flourish the Stanhope gay,

And dream that he looks exceeding big

15 To the people that walk in the way;

But he shall think, when the night is still,

Of the stable-boys' gathering numbers,

And the ghost of many a veteran bill

Shall hover round his slumbers :

20 The ghastly dun shall worry his sleep

And constables cluster around him,

And he shall creep from the wood-hole deep
Where their spectre eyes have found him!

Ay! gather your reins and crack your thong
And bid your steed go faster;

5 He does not know, as he scrambles along,
That he has a fool for his master.

And hurry away on your lonely ride
Nor deign from the mire to save me;

I will paddle it stoutly at your side
10 With the tandem that nature gave me!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

KING RICHARD AND SALADIN.

THERE was no need of further introduction. The two heroic monarchs, for such they both were, threw themselves at once from horseback, and, the troops halting and the music suddenly
15 ceasing, they advanced to meet each other in profound silence, and after a courteous inclination on either side they embraced as brethren and equals. The pomp and display upon both sides attracted no further notice; no one saw
20 aught save Richard and Saladin, and they two beheld nothing but each other. The looks with which Richard surveyed Saladin were, however, more intently curious than those which the

Soldan fixed upon him, and the Soldan also was the first to break silence.

"The Melech Ric is welcome to Saladin as water to this desert. I trust he hath no distrust of this numerous array. Excepting the armed 5 slaves of my household, those who surround you with eyes of wonder and of welcome are, even the humblest of them, the privileged nobles of my thousand tribes: for who that could claim a title to be present would remain 10 at home when such a prince was to be seen as Richard, with the terrors of whose name even on the sands of Yemen the nurse stills her child and the free Arab subdues his restive steed! But will not my brother pass to the 15 tent which his servant hath prepared for him? My principal black slave hath taken order for the reception of the princesses, the officers of my household will attend your followers, and ourself will be the chamberlain of the royal 20 Richard."

He led the way accordingly to a splendid pavilion where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the chappe (*capa*), 25 or long riding-cloak which Richard wore, and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong

contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen, a broad
5 straight blade the seemingly unwieldy length of which extended well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, like that of
10 Azrael, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melech Ric strike one blow with it in peace and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard;
15 and looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength he saw a steel mace held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal and about an inch and a half in diameter; this he placed on a block of
20 wood.

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the king's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of
25 iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging-bill.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the Soldan critically and

accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder, and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the king's hand and, looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed it beside his own, so lank and thin, so inferior in brawn and sinew.

"Ay, look well," said De Vaux in English; ¹⁰ "it will be long ere your long jackanape's fingers do such a feat with your fine gilded reaping-hook there."

"Silence, De Vaux," said Richard; "by Our Lady, he understands or guesses thy meaning; ¹⁵ be not so broad, I pray thee."

The Soldan, indeed, presently said, "Something I would fain attempt, though wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong? Yet each land hath its ²⁰ own exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric." So saying he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down and placed it upright on one end. "Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?" he said to King Richard. ²⁵

"No, surely," replied the king; "no sword on earth, were it the Excalibur of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow."

"Mark, then," said Saladin, and tucking up the sleeve of his gown showed his arm, thin indeed and spare but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of naught
5 but bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimitar, a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks but was, on the contrary, of a dull blue color marked with ten millions of meandering lines
10 which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armorer. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot which
15 was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim, then stepping at once forward drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously and with so little apparent effort that the cushion
20 seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

"It is a juggler's trick," said De Vaux darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to
25 assure himself of the reality of the feat; "there is gramarye in this."

The Soldan seemed to comprehend him, for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his

sabre, extended the weapon edgewise in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts which floated to different sides of the tent, equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

"Now, in good faith, my brother," said Richard, "thou art even matchless at the trick¹⁰ of the sword, and right perilous were it to meet thee! Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow, and what we cannot do by sleight we eke out by strength. Nevertheless, in truth thou art as expert in inflicting¹⁵ wounds as my sage Hakim in curing them. I trust I shall see the learned leech, I have much to thank him for and had brought some small present."

As he spoke, Saladin exchanged his turban²⁰ for a Tartar cap. He had no sooner done so than De Vaux opened at once his extended mouth and his large round eyes, and Richard gazed with voiceless astonishment, while the Saracen spoke in a grave and altered voice—²⁵
"The sick man, sayeth the poet, while he is yet infirm, knoweth the physician by his step; but when he is recovered, he knoweth not even his face when he looks upon him."

"A miracle!—a miracle!" exclaimed Richard.

"Of Mahound's working, doubtless," said Thomas de Vaux.

"That I should lose my learned Hakim," said Richard, "merely by absence of his cap and robe, and that I should find him again in my royal brother Saladin!"

"Such is oft the fashion of the world," answered the Soldan; "the tattered robe makes not always the dervish."

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

KING RICHARD AND ROBIN HOOD.

At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this joyous pair were engaged in singing a virelai, as it was called, in which the clown bore a mellow burden to the better instructed Knight of the Fetterlock.

"I would, Wamba," said the knight, "that our host of the Trysting-tree heard this thy ditty in praise of our bluff yeoman."

"So would not I," said Wamba—"but for the horn that hangs at your baldric."

"Ay," said the knight, "this is a pledge of Locksley's goodwill, though I am not like to need it. Three mots on this bugle will, I am assured, bring round, at our need, a jolly band of yonder honest yeomen."

"I would say, Heaven forbid," said the jester, "were it not that that fair gift is a pledge they would let us pass peaceably."

"Why, what meanest thou?" said the knight; "thinkest thou that but for this pledge of fellowship they would assault us?"

"Nay, for me I say nothing," said Wamba; "for green trees have ears as well as stone walls. And yet there be companions who are far more dangerous for travellers to meet than yonder outlaws."

"And who may they be, for you have neither bears nor wolves, I trow?" said the knight.

"Marry, sir, but we have Meiroisin's men-at-arms," said Wamba; "and let me tell you that in time of need a half score of these is worth a band of wolves at any time. Now, I pray you, Sir Knight, what would you do if we met two of them?"

"Pin the villains to the earth with my lance," said Wamba, "if they offered us any impediment."

"But what if there were four of them?"

"They should drink of the same cup," answered the knight.

"What if six," continued Wamba, "and we as we now are, barely two—would you not remember Locksley's horn?"

"What! sound for aid," exclaimed the knight, "against a score of such *rusaille* as these,

whom one good knight could drive before him as the wind drives the withered leaves?"

"Nay then," said Wamba, "I will pray you for a close sight of that same horn that hath
5 so powerful a breath."

The knight undid the clasp of the baldric and indulged his fellow-traveller who immediately hung the bugle round his own neck.

"Now that Folly wears the horn," said the
10 jester, "let Valor rouse himself; for, if I mistake not, there are company in yonder brake that are on the look-out for us."

"What makes thee judge so?" said the knight.

"Because I have twice or thrice noticed the
15 glance of a morion from amongst the green leaves. Had they been honest men, they had kept the path."

"By my faith," said the knight, closing his visor, "I think thou be'st in the right on't."

20 Riding straight to the thicket he was met by six or seven men-at-arms, who ran against him with their lances at full career. Three of the weapons struck against him and splintered with as little effect as if they had been driven
25 against a tower of steel.

"Ha! Saint Edward! Ha! Saint George!" said the Black Knight, striking down a man at every invocation, "have we traitors here?"

His opponents, desperate as they were, bore

back from an arm which carried death in every blow, and it seemed as if the terror of his single strength was about to gain the battle against such odds, when a knight in blue armor, who had hitherto kept himself behind the other assailants, spurred forward with his lance, and taking aim, not at the rider but at the steed, wounded the noble animal mortally.

"That was a felon stroke!" exclaimed the Black Knight, as the steed fell to the earth bearing his rider along with him.

And at this moment Wamba winded the bugle, for the whole had passed so speedily that he had not time to do so sooner. The sudden sound made the murderers bear back once more, and Wamba, though so imperfectly weaponed, did not hesitate to rush in and assist the Black Knight to rise.

"Shame on ye, false cowards!" exclaimed he in the blue harness, who seemed to lead the assailants: "do ye fly from the empty blast of a horn blown by a jester?"

Animated by his words they attacked the Black Knight anew, whose best refuge was now to place his back against an oak and defend himself with his sword. The felon knight, who had taken another spear, watching the moment when his formidable antagonist was most closely pressed, galloped against him in hopes to nail

him with his lance against the tree, when his purpose was again intercepted by Wamba. The jester, making up by agility the want of strength and little noticed by the men-at-arms, who were busied in their more important object, hovered on the skirts of the fight and effectually checked the fatal career of the Blue Knight by ham-stringing his horse with a stroke of his sword. Horse and man went to the ground; yet the situation of the Knight of the Fetterlock continued very precarious, as he was pressed close by several men completely armed and began to be fatigued by the violent exertions necessary to defend himself on so many points at nearly the same moment, when a gray-goose shaft suddenly stretched on the earth one of the most formidable of his assailants, and a band of yeomen broke forth from the glade headed by Locksley, who, taking ready and effectual part in the fray, soon disposed of the ruffians, all of whom lay on the spot dead or mortally wounded. The Black Knight thanked his deliverers with a dignity that they had not observed in his former bearing, which hitherto had seemed rather that of a blunt bold soldier than of a person of exalted rank.

“Let this knight have a steed, Locksley,” said he, “for I see your men have caught those which were running loose, and let them go unharmed.”

"But that I judge I listen to a voice whose behests must not be disputed," answered the yeoman, "I would send a shaft after the skulking villain that should spare him the labor of a long journey."

"Thou bearest an English heart, Locksley," said the Black Knight, "and well dost judge thou art the more bound to obey my behest—I am Richard of England!"

At these words, pronounced in a tone of majesty suited to the high rank, and no less distinguished character, of Cœur-de-Lion, the yeomen at once knelt down before him, and at the same time tendered their allegiance, and implored pardon for their offences.

"Rise, my friends," said Richard, in a gracious tone, looking on them with a countenance in which his habitual good-humor had already conquered the blaze of hasty resentment, and whose features retained no mark of the late desperate conflict, excepting the flush arising from exertion,—*"Arise,"* he said, *"my friends! Your misdemeanors, whether in forest or field, have been atoned by the loyal services you rendered my distressed subjects and the rescue you have this day afforded to your sovereign. Arise, my liegemen, and be good subjects in future. And thou, brave Locksley——"*

"Call me no longer Locksley, my liege, but

know me under the name which, I fear, fame hath blown too widely not to have reached even your royal ears—I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest.”

5 “King of outlaws, and prince of good fellows!” said the king; “who hath not heard a name that has been borne as far as Palestine? But be assured, brave outlaw, that no deed done in our absence, and in the turbulent times
10 to which it hath given rise, shall be remembered to thy disadvantage.”

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king and lov'd a royal sport,

And one day as his lions strove sat looking on the court.

The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,

15 And 'mongst them Count de Lorge with one he hoped to make his bride;

And truly twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,

Valor and love and a king above and the royal beasts below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd one
on another

Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thund'rous
smother ;

The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through
the air ;

Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen, we're better here
than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively
dama

With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes which always
seem'd the same.

She thought, "The count, my lover, is as brave as brave
can be ;

"He surely would do desperate things to show his love
to me!

King, ladies, lovers, all look on : the chance is wondrous
fine ;

I'll drop my glove to prove his love, great glory will be
mine!"

She dropp'd her glove to prove his love, then look'd on
him and smiled ;

He bow'd and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild.

The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained
his place,

Then threw the glove but not with love right in the
lady's face!

"In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose
from where he sat :

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like
that!"

THE GLOVE.

- "HEIGHO," yawned one day King Francis,
"Distance all value enhances !
When a man's busy, why, leisure
Strikes him as wonderful pleasure.
5 'Faith, and at leisure once is he,
Straightway he wants to be busy.
Here we've got peace and aghast I'm
Caught thinking war the true pastime.
Is there a reason in metre?
10 Give us your speech, master Peter !"
I who, if mortal can say so,
Ne'er am at a loss with my Naso,
"Sire," I replied, "joys prove cloudlets.
Men are the merest Ixions."
15 Here the King whistled aloud, "Let's
. . . Heigho . . . go look at our lions !"
Such are the sorrowful chances
If you talk fine to King Francis.
And so, to the court-yard proceeding,
20 Our company Francis was leading,
Increased by new followers tenfold
Before he arrived at the penfold—
Lords, ladies, like clouds which bedizen
At sunset the western horizon.
25 And Sir de Lorge pressed 'mid the foremost
With the dame he professed to adore most.
Oh, what a face ! One by fits eyed
Her and the horrible pitside,
For the penfold surrounded a hollow

Which led where the eye scarce dared follow,
 And shelved to the chamber secluded
 Where Bluebeard, the great lion, brooded.
 The king hailed his keeper, an Arab
 As glossy and black as a scarab,
 And bade him make sport and at once stir
 Up and out of his den the old monster.

They opened a hole in the wire-work
 Across it and dropped there a firework
 And fled ; one's heart's beating redoubled ;
 A pause while the pit's mouth was troubled,
 The blackness and silence so utter,
 By the firework's slow sparkling and sputter ;
 Then earth in a sudden contortion
 Gave out to our gaze her abortion.
 Such a brute ! Were I friend Clement Marot
 (Whose experience of nature's but narrow
 And whose faculties move in no small mist
 When he versifies David the Psalmist)
 I should study that brute to describe you
Ilum Juda Leonem de Tribu.

One's whole blood grew curdling and creepy
 To see the black mane vast and heapy
 The tail in the air stiff and straining,
 The wide eyes nor waxing nor waning
 As, over the barrier which bounded
 His platform and us who surrounded
 The barrier, they reached and they rested
 On space that might stand him in best stead ;
 For who knew, he thought, what the amazement,
 The eruption of clatter and blaze meant,
 And if in this minute of wonder

No outlet, 'mid lightning and thunder,
Lay broad and, his shackles all shivered,
The lion at last was delivered?

Ay, that was the open sky o'erhead!

5 And you saw by the flash on his forehead,
By the hope in those eyes wide and steady
He was leagues in the desert already,
Driving the flocks up the mountain
Or, catlike, couched hard by the fountain
10 To waylay the date-gathering negress:
So guarded he entrance or egress.

"How he stands!" quoth the king; "we may well
swear

(No novice, we've won our spurs elsewhere
And so can afford the confession)

15 We exercise wholesome discretion
In keeping aloof from his threshold.
Once hold you, those jaws want no fresh hold,
Their first would too pleasantly purloin
The visitor's brisket or sirloin;
20 But who's he would prove so foolhardy?
Not the best man of Marignan, pardie!"
The sentence no sooner was uttered
Than over the rails a glove fluttered,
Fell close to the lion and rested.

25 The dame 'twas, who flung it and jested
With life so, De Lorge had been wooing
For months past; he sat there pursuing
His suit, weighing out with nonchalance
Fine speeches like gold from a balance.

30 Sound the trumpet, no true knight's a tarrier!
De Lorge made one leap at the barrier,

Walked straight to the love—while the lion
No'er moved, kept his far-reaching eye on
The palm-tree-edged desert-spring's sapphire
And the musky oiled skin of the Kaffir—
Picked it up and as calmly retreated, 5
Leaped back where the lady was seated
And full in the face of its owner
Flung the glove. "Your heart's queen,
you dethrone her?
So should I!" cried the King; "'twas mere
vanity,
Not love, set that task to humanity!" 10
Lords and ladies alike turned with loathing
From such a proved wolf in sheep's clothing.
Not so I, for I caught an expression
In her brow's undisturbed self-possession,
Amid the court's scoffing and merriment— 15
As if from no pleasing experiment
She rose, yet of pain not much heedful
So long as the process was needful—
As if she had tried in a crucible
To what "speeches like gold" were reducible 20
And, finding the finest prove copper,
Felt smoke in her face was but proper;
To know what she had not to trust to
Was worth all the ashes and dust too.
She went out 'mid hooting and laughter; 25
Clement Marot stayed, I followed after
And asked as a grace what it all meant—
If she wished not the rash deed's recallment?
"For I"—so I spoke—"am a poet:
Human nature behooves that I know it!" 30

She told me, "Too long had I heard
Of the deed proved alone by the word :
For my love—what De Lorge would not dare !
With my scorn—what De Lorge could compare !
5 And the endless descriptions of death
He would brave, when my lip formed a breath,
I must reckon as braved or, of course,
Doubt his word and, moreover, perforce
For such gifts as no lady could spurn
10 Must offer my love in return.
When I looked on your lion it brought
All the dangers at once to my thought :
Encountered by all sorts of men
Before he was lodged in his den,
15 From the poor slave whose club or bare hands
Dug the trap, set the snare on the sands,
With no king and no court to applaud,
By no shame should he shrink overawed,
Yet to capture the creature made shift
20 That his rude boys might laugh at the gift,
To the page who last leaped o'er the fence
Of the pit on no greater pretence
Than to get back the bonnet he dropped
Lest his pay for a week should be stopped.
25 So wiser I judged it to make
One trial what 'death for my sake'
Really meant while the power was yet mine,
Than to wait until time should define
Such a phrase not so simply as I,
30 Who took it to mean just 'to die.'
The blow a glove gives is but weak—
Does the mark yet discolor my cheek ?

But when the heart suffers a blow
Will the pain pass so soon, do you know?"

I looked as away she was sweeping,
And saw a youth eagerly keeping
As close as he dared to the doorway. 5
No doubt that a noble should more weigh
His life than befits a plebeian;
And yet, had our brute been Nemean,
(I judge by a certain calm fervor
The youth stepped with forward to serve her) 10
He'd have scarce thought you did him the worst turn
If you whispered, "Friend, what you'd get, first earn!"
And when, shortly after, she carried
Her shame from the court and they married,
To that marriage some happiness, maugre 15
The voice of the court, I dared augur.

- ROBERT BROWNING.

ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I HAVE read of an eminent person who used
in his private devotions to give thanks to
Heaven that he was born a Frenchman; for
my part I look upon it as a blessing that I 20
was born an Englishman. Among other reasons,
I think myself happy in my country as the
language of it is wonderfully adapted to a
man sparing of his words and an enemy to
loquacity. As I have frequently reflected on 25
my good fortune in this particular I shall com-
municate to the public my speculations upon

the English tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The English delight in silence more than any other European nation if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighboring countries, as it is observed that the matter of our writings is thrown much closer together and lies in a narrower compass than is usual in the works of foreign authors; for, to favor our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts we do it in the shortest way we are able and give as quick a birth to our conception as possible.

This humor shows itself in several remarks that we may make upon the English language. As first of all by its abounding in monosyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few sounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue but at the same time expresses our ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first design of speech better than the multitude of syllables which make the words of other languages more tunable and sonorous. The sounds of our English words are commonly like those of string music, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch. Those

of other languages are like the notes of wind instruments, sweet and swelling and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may observe that where the words are not monosyllables we often make 5 them so as much as lies in our power by our rapidity of pronunciation, as it generally happens in most of our long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the syllables that give them a grave 10 and solemn air in their own language to make them more proper for despatch and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as "liberty," "conspiracy," "theatre," "orator," etc. 15

The same natural aversion to loquacity has of late years made a very considerable alteration in our language by closing in one syllable the termination of our praeterperfect tense, as in the words "drown'd," "walk'd," "arriv'd" for 20 "drowned," "walked," "arrived," which has very much disfigured the tongue and turned a tenth part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. This is the more remarkable because the want of vowels in our 25 language has been the general complaint of our politest authors, who nevertheless are the men that have made these retrenchments and consequently very much increased our former scarcity.

This reflection on the words that end in "ed" I have heard in conversation from one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing observation the
5 change which has happened in our language by the abbreviation of several words that are terminated in "eth" by substituting an "s" in the room of the last syllable, as in "drowns," "walks," "arrives," and innumerable other words,
10 which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were "drowneth," "walketh," "arriveth." This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the English tongue and added to that "hissing" in our language which
15 is taken so much notice of by foreigners, but at the same time humors our taciturnity and eases us of many superfluous syllables. I might here observe that the same single letter on many occasions does the office of a whole word
20 and represents the "his" and "her" of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the best judge in this case, would very much disapprove of such innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in
25 some measure by retaining the old termination in writing and in all the solemn offices of our religion.

As in the instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words to the

detriment of our tongue so on other occasions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our language and clogged it with consonants, as "mayn't," "can't," "sha'n't," "wo'n't," and the like for "may not," "can not," "shall not," "will not," etc.

It is perhaps this humor of speaking no more than we needs must which has so miserably curtailed some of our words that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in "mob.," "rep.," "pos.," "incog.," and the like; and as all ridiculous words make their first entry into a language by familiar phrases I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue.

We see some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate Hudibras' doggerel expressions in their serious compositions by throwing out the signs of our substantives, which are essential to the English language. Nay, this humor of shortening our language had once run so far that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir Roger L'Estrange in particular, began to prune their words of all superfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronunciation, which would have confounded all our etymologies and have quite destroyed our tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our proper names when familiarized in English generally dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion by the addition of a new syllable. "Nic' " in Italian is "Nicolini," "Jack" in French "Janot," and so of the rest.

There is another particular in our language which is a great instance of our frugality of words, and that is the suppressing of several particles which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best writers when they find the relatives "whom," "which," or "they" at their mercy whether they may have admission or not, and will never be decided till we have something like an academy that by the best authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages shall settle all controversies between grammar and idiom.

I have only considered our language as it shows the genius and natural temper of the English, which is modest, thoughtful, and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the people though it has spoiled the tongue. We might perhaps carry the same thought into other languages and deduce a greater part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who speak them. It is certain the

light talkative humor of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be shown by many instances, as the genius of the Italians which is so much addicted to music and ceremony has moulded all their words and 5 phrases to those particular uses. The stateliness and gravity of the Spaniards shows itself to perfection in the solemnity of their language, and the blunt honest humor of the Germans sounds better in the roughness of the High 10 Dutch than it would in a politer tongue.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

SPELLING AND DERIVATION.

THE omission of a letter or the addition of a letter may work, one as effectually as the other, to keep out of sight the true character and origin of a word. When for "bran-new," 15 it was "brand-new" with a final "d," how vigorous was the image here. The "brand" is the fire, and "brand-new," equivalent to "fire-new," is that which is fresh and bright as being newly come from the forge and fire. As now 20 spelt it conveys to us no image at all. Again, you have the word "scrip"—as a "scrip" of paper, railway "scrip." Is this the Saxon "scrip," a wallet, which has in some strange manner obtained these meanings so different 25 and so remote? Have we here only two different

ent applications of one and the same word, or two homonyms, wholly different words though spelt alike? It is sufficient to note how the first of these "scrips" used to be written, namely with a final "t," not "scrip" but "script," and the question is answered. This "scrip" is a Latin, as the other is a Saxon word, and meant at first simply a written piece of paper—a circumstance which since the omission of the final "t" may easily escape our knowledge. So long as "avenue" was spelt "advenue" the word suggested something, and the right something, about itself.

In these cases it has been the omission of a letter which has clouded and concealed the etymology; the intrusion of a letter sometimes does the same. Thus in early editions of the *Paradise Lost*, and in the writings of that age, you will find "scent," an odor, spelt "sent." It was better so. There is no other noun substantive "sent" with which it is in danger of being confounded, while its relation with "sentio" and with "resent," "dissent," "consent" and the like, is put out of sight by its novel spelling, the intrusive "c" serving only to mislead.

The same thing was attempted with "site," "situate," "situation," spelt by many for a time "scite," "scituate," "scituation," but with these it did not continue. Again, "whole" in

Wyclif's Bible, and sometimes as far down as Spenser, is spelt "hole." The present orthography may have the advantage of at once distinguishing the word from any other to the eye, but at the same time the initial "w" hides its relation to the verb "heal." The "whole" man is he whose hurt is "healed" or "covered." I am afraid that we owe to Tyndale the "hideous interloping letter that begins the word." "Wholesome," once spelt "holesome," has naturally followed the fortunes of "whole."

Of "island," too, our present spelling is inferior to the old, inasmuch as it suggests a hybrid formation as though the word were made up of the Latin "insula" and the Saxon "land." It is quite true that "isle" is descended from "insula," "isola," "île," and hence probably the misspelling of "island." The latter, however, has nothing to do with "insula," being identical with the German "eiland," the Anglo-Saxon "ealand," and signifying either the land apart, or land girt round with the sea; it is worthy of note that this "s" is of quite modern introduction. In the earlier versions of the Scriptures and in the Authorized Version as first set forth it is "iland," and the correct spelling obtained far down into the seventeenth century.

One of the most frequent causes of alteration in the spelling of a word is a wrongly assumed

derivation, as has been the case with the word just dealt with. It is there sought to bring the word into harmony with, and to make it by its spelling suggest, this derivation which has been erroneously thrust upon it. Here is a subject which, followed out as it deserves, would form an interesting and instructive chapter in the history of language. Very remarkable is the evidence we have here of the way in which learned and unlearned alike crave to have a meaning in the words which they employ, to have these not only body but body and soul. Where for the popular sense the life has died out from a word men will put into it a life of their own devising, rather than that it should henceforth be for them a mere dead and inert sign. Much more will they be tempted to do this in the case of foreign words which have been adopted into the language but have not brought with them, at least for the popular mind, the secret of their origin. These shall tell something about themselves, and when they cannot tell what is true, or when that true is not intelligible any longer, then, rather than that they should suggest nothing, men compel them to suggest what is false, moulding and shaping them into some new form until at least they shall appear to have something to report about themselves.

CHANGE IN LANGUAGE.

LITERARY dialects, or what are commonly called classical languages, pay for their temporary greatness by inevitable decay. They are like artificial lakes at the side of great rivers: they form reservoirs of what was once living and running speech but they are no longer carried on by the main current. At times it may seem as if the whole stream of language was absorbed by these lakes, and we can hardly trace the small rivulets which run on in the main bed. But if lower down, that is to say later in history, we meet again with a new body of stationary language forming or formed, we may be sure that its tributaries were those very rivulets which for a time were almost lost to sight.

Or it may be more accurate to compare a classical literary idiom to the frozen surface of a river, brilliant and smooth but stiff and cold. It is mostly by political commotions that this surface of the more polite and cultivated speech is broken and carried away by the waters rising underneath. It is during times when the higher classes are either crushed in religious and social struggles, or mix again with the lower classes

to repel foreign invasion; when literary occupations are discouraged, palaces burnt, monasteries pillaged, and seats of learning destroyed—it is then that the popular, or, as they are called, the vulgar dialects, which had formed a kind of undercurrent, rise beneath the crystal surface of the literary language, and sweep away like the waters in spring the cumbrous formations of a bygone age. In more peaceful times a new and popular literature springs up in a language which seems to have been formed by conquests or revolutions, but which in reality had been growing up long before and was only brought out ready made by historical events.

From this point of view we can see that no literary language can ever be said to have been the “mother” of another language. As soon as a language loses its unbounded capability of change, its carelessness about what it throws away, and its readiness in always supplying instantaneously the wants of mind and heart, its natural life is changed into a merely artificial existence. It may still live on for a long time but, while it seems to be the leading shoot, it is in reality but a broken and withering branch slowly falling from the stock from which it sprang.

The sources of Italian are not to be found in the classical literature of Rome but in the

popular dialects of Italy. English did not spring from the Anglo-Saxon of Wessex only, but from the dialects spoken in every part of Great Britain, distinguished by local peculiarities and modified at different times by the influence of Latin, Danish, Norman, French, and other foreign elements. Some of the local dialects of England, as spoken at the present day, are of great importance for a critical study of English. Hindustani is not the "daughter" of Sanskrit¹⁰ as we find it in the Vedas, or in the later literature of the Brahmans; it is a branch of the living speech of India, springing from the same stem from which Sanskrit sprang when it first assumed its literary independence. 15

—FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER.

ENGLISH SPEECH.

GIVE me, of every language, first my vigorous English,
Stored with imported wealth, rich in its natural mines,
Grand in its rhythmical cadence, simple for household
employment,
Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of man.

Not from one metal alone the perfectest mirror is shapen,²⁰
Nor from one color is built the rainbow's aerial bridge;
Instruments blending together yield the divinest of music,
Out of myriad of flowers sweetest of honey is drawn.

So unto thy close strength is welded and beaten together
 Iron dug from the North, ductile gold from the South;
 So unto thy broad stream the ice-torrents born in the
 mountains

Rush, and the rivers pour, brimming with sun from the
 plains.

5 Thou hast the sharp clean edge and the downright blow
 of the Saxon ;

Thou the majestic march and stately pomp of the
 Latin ;

Thou the euphonious swell, the rhythmical roll of the
 Greek ;

Thine is the elegant suavity caught from sonorous Italian ;

Thine the chivalric obeisance, the courteous grace of the
 Norman ;

10 Thine the Teutonic German's inborn guttural strength.

Raftered by firm-laid consonants, windowed by opening
 vowels,

Thou securely art built free to the sun and the air ;

Over thy feudal battlements trail the wild tendrils of fancy

Where in the early morn warbled our earliest birds.

15 Science looks out from thy watch-tower, love whispers in
 at thy lattice,

While o'er thy bastions wit flashes its glittering sword.

Not by corruption rotted nor slowly by ages degraded

Have the sharp consonants gone crumbling away from
 our words ;

Virgin and clean is their edge like granite blocks
 chiselled by Egypt,

20 Just as when Shakespeare and Milton laid them in
 glorious verse.

Fitted for every use like a great majestic river,
Blending thy various streams stately thou flowest along
Bearing the white-winged ship of Poesy over thy bosom
Laden with spices that come out of the tropical isles,
Fancy's pleasuring yacht with its bright and fluttering
pennons,

Logic's frigates of war, and the toil-worn barges of trade.

How art thou freely obedient unto the poet or speaker
When in a happy hour thought into speech he translates !
Caught on the word's sharp angles flash the bright hues
of his fancy ;

Grandly the thought rides the words as a good horse-10
man his steed.

Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one like to
hailstones

Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a
shower ;

Now in a two-fold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Trochee,
Unbroke, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling along ;

Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in tripli-15
cate syllables,

Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on ;

Now, their voluminous coil intertangling like huge
anacondas,

Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.

Flexile and free in thy gait and simple in all thy con-
struction,

Yielding to every turn, thou bearest thy rider along : 20

Now like our hackney or draught horse serving our
commonest uses,

Now bearing grandly the poet Pegasus-like to the sky.

Thou art not prisoned in fixed rules, thou art no slave
to a grammar ;

Thou art an eagle uncaged, scorning the perch and the
chain.

Hadst thou been fettered and formalized thou hadst
been tamer and weaker :

How could the poor slave walk with thy grand freedom
of gait ?

Let, then, grammarians rail and let foreigners sigh for
thy sign-posts,

Wandering lost in thy maze, thy wilds of magnificent
growth ;

Call thee incongruous, wild, of rule and of reason defiant ;
I in thy wildness a grand freedom of character find.

So with irregular outline tower up the sky-piercing
mountains

10 Rearing o'er yawning chasms lofty precipitous steeps,
Spreading o'er ledges unclimbable meadows and slopes
of green smoothness,

Bearing the flowers in their clefts, losing their peaks in
the clouds.

Therefore it is that I praise thee and never can cease
from rejoicing,

Thinking that good stout English is mine and my
ancestors' tongue ;

15 Give me its varying music, the flow of its free modulation,
I will not covet the full roll of the glorious Greek,
Luscious and feeble Italian, Latin so formal and stately,
French with its nasal lisp, nor German inverted and
harsh :

Not while our organ can speak with its many and wonderful voices,
 Play on the soft flute of love, blow the loud trumpet of war,
 Sing with the high sesquialtro, or, drawing its full diapason,
 Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals and stops.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Now gather all our Saxon bards, let hand and hearts be strung
 To celebrate the triumphs of our own good Saxon tongue;
 For, stronger far than hosts that march with battle-flags unfurled,
 It goes with FREEDOM, THOUGHT, and TRUTH to rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays on every surf-worn shore,
 And Scotland hears its echoing far as Oranney's breakers roar
 From Jura's crags and Mona's hills it floats on every gale
 And warms with eloquence and song the homes of Annis-fail.

On many a wide and swarming deck it scales the rough wave's crest
 Seeking its peerless heritage-- the free and fruitful West;

It climbs New England's rocky steeps as victor mounts
a throne ;

Niagara knows and greets the voice still mightier than
its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows on bleak
Canadian plains

And where on Essequibo's banks eternal summer reigns ;
5 It glads Acadia's misty coasts, Jamaica's glowing isle,
And bides where, gay with early flowers, green Texan
prairies smile ;

It tracks the loud swift Oregon through sunset valleys
rolled

And soars where Californian brooks wash down their
sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves, on seas of fierce
Malay,

10 In fields that curb old Ganges' flood, and towers of
proud Bombay ;

It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes, dusk brows, and swarthy
limbs ;

The dark Liberian soothes her child with English cradle
hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won in gentle Saxon
speech ;

Australian boys read Crusoe's life by Sydney's sheltered
beach ;

15 It dwells where Afric's southmost capes meet oceans
broad and blue

And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird the wide and
waste karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart that, while its praise you
sing,

These may be clad with autumn's fruits and those with
flowers of spring ;

It quickens lands whose meteor lights flame in an Arctic
sky

And lands for which the Southern Cross hangs its
orbed fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told and righteous kings
desired,—

With all that great apostles taught and glorious Greeks
admired,—

With Shakespeare's deep and wondrous verse and Milton's
loftier mind,—

With Alfred's laws and Newton's lore,—to cheer and
bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom and error flies
away

As vanishes the mist of night before the star of day! 10

But, grand as are the victories whose monuments we see,
These are but as the dawn which speaks of noontide yet
to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame! take heed nor
once disgrace

With deadly pen or spoiling sword our noble tongue
and race.

Go forth prepared in every clime to love and help each
other

And judge that they who counsel strife would bid you
smite—a brother.

Go forth and jointly speed the time by good men
prayed for long
When Christian states grown just and wise will scorn
revenge and wrong,
When Earth's oppressed and savage tribes shall cease
to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words—FAITH, FREE-
DOM, HEAVEN, and HOME.

—J. G. LYONS.

THE APOLOGY OF SOCRATES.

5 You will, O Athenians, gain little time by
incurring from those who wish to defame the
city the reproach of having put a wise man,
Socrates, to death: for they who wish to
defame you will call me wise though I am
10 not. If you had waited but a short time my
death would have taken place in the course
of nature, for, as you see, my life is far
advanced and its end is near.

Not to all of you, but to those only who
15 have voted for my death, do I speak thus.
To them I have this further to say: Perhaps
you think that I was convicted through lack
of arguments, and that I might have been
acquitted had I thought fit to leave nothing
20 unsaid or undone to bring that about. The
case is far otherwise. I have been convicted,

not through lack of arguments, but because I was deficient in boldness and in shamelessness and in willingness to plead in a manner that would have been agreeable to you, weeping and lamenting, and doing and saying many other things which, as I have told you, are unworthy of me, though you have been accustomed to hear them from others.

I thought in the hour of danger that I should not do anything unbecoming a free man, and I do not now repent of the manner in which I defended myself; for I would rather die after such a defence than live on such conditions as you prefer. Neither in trial nor in battle is it right that I or any other person should be willing to resort to every possible means to avoid death. Often in battle a man may save his life by laying down his arms and casting himself on the mercy of the enemy; and in other kinds of danger, if one is willing to say and do anything, he may similarly escape.

It is not difficult, men of Athens, to avoid death; it is much harder to keep out of the way of depravity, for that runs more swiftly than death. Being old and slow of movement I have been overtaken by the slower of the two; though they are strong and quick, my accusers have been overtaken by

the swifter pursuer. And now I go away condemned by you to suffer the penalty of death; they depart condemned by truth to undergo the penalty of wickedness and injustice. I must abide by my sentence; let them abide by theirs. These things are no doubt decreed by fate, and in my opinion they are for the best.

And now to you who have condemned me I have something to say regarding the future, for as I am about to die I have arrived at the time when men become gifted with prophetic power. I tell you, O Athenians, who have decreed my death, that immediately afterward a punishment far more severe than that which you have inflicted on me will come upon you. You have taken this course desiring to be free for the time to come from the necessity of giving any account of your lives; but the very opposite of this is what will happen.

More numerous will be your accusers, whom I have until now restrained so that you have not noticed them. Inasmuch as they are younger they will be more severe and you will be more indignant at them. If you think that by putting men to death you will hinder any one from censuring you because you do not live righteously you are mistaken. This way of escape is neither possible nor honorable; the

easiest and most honorable course for you is not to restrain others but to be yourselves as perfect as possible. Having foretold this to those of you who condemned me I am now done with you.

With those of you who have voted for my acquittal I would gladly converse on what has now happened, while the magistrates are busy and before I am taken to the place where I must die. Stay then a while with me, for⁵ as long as we are permitted to do so nothing need hinder our conversing together. To you, as my friends, I wish to make known the meaning of what has just occurred.

To me, O my judges—for by this name I¹⁰ rightly call you—a strange thing has happened. The familiar prophetic sign of my supernatural monitor has hitherto constantly opposed me even in the most trifling matters if I was about to make any mistake; but now²⁰ when, as you see, that which is generally regarded as the greatest of all evils has come upon me, the oracle offered no opposition either as I left my home in the morning, or on my way to this place of trial, or while I was about to say²⁵ anything in the course of my address. Though on other occasions it has frequently restrained me in the middle of my speech, yet in this proceeding it has never opposed me in what

I did or what I said. What then do I take to be the cause of this? I will tell you: what has happened to me must be a good, and it is impossible that those of us who think death
5 to be an evil are correct in their opinion. What has happened is strong proof of this, for the usual sign would certainly have opposed me if I had not been about to obtain some good.

10 On another view of the matter we shall find reason for the hope that death is a boon. To die signifies one of two things: either the dead pass into a state of nothingness and entire unconsciousness, or there is a change and
15 transfer of the soul from this to some other place. Now if there is no consciousness, but a condition like the sleep of him who is not affected by dreams, death will be a wonderful gain. For if one were to select a night in
20 which he slept so soundly as to have had no dream at all, and were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed more pleasantly than it, I think that even the great king himself, not to say a private person, would find them
25 easy to number in comparison with the other days and nights. If, therefore, death is like this I say it is a gain, for all futurity would thus appear no longer than a single night.

But if, on the other hand, death is a trans-

fer to another place, and if all the dead are there, what good, O judges, can be greater than this? For if a person, after having been delivered from those who pretend to be judges here, is to find on his arrival in Hades⁸ those true judges who are said to administer justice there—Minos and Rhadamanthus and Aëacus and Triptolemus and other demigods who were righteous in this life—will this be a sad transition? What would one not give to¹⁰ hold converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? If this be true let me at least die over and over again, for to me a place of sojourn would be of wonderful interest where I should meet with Palamedes, with¹⁵ Ajax the son of Telamon, and with other ancient heroes who died through unjust sentences.

To compare my sufferings with theirs would, in my opinion, be no unpleasing occupation; but the greatest delight would be to spend my²⁰ time in questioning and examining there as I have done here, and in discovering who is wise and who fancies himself to be so but is not. What would not one give, O judges, to have a chance to question him who led the great²⁵ army against Troy, or Odysseus, or Sisyphus, or thousands of others both men and women whom one might mention? To converse and associate with these and to ask them questions

would be infinite happiness, and assuredly the judges do not there condemn one to death for doing so. Not only are the dead happier in other respects there than we are here but, if what is said of them is true, they will henceforth be immortal.

Therefore, O judges, entertain good hopes with respect to death, and accept this as a truth, that no evil can affect a good man either while he is alive or after he is dead; nor are his affairs neglected by the gods. What has befallen me is not the effect of chance, for it is clear to me that to die now and be free from trouble is better for me; that is why no sign was given to turn me from my course. For this reason I bear no anger against those who accused or those who condemned me though they deserve to be blamed for doing so with intent to injure me.

This favor, however, I ask of them: when my sons are grown up, O judges, punish them by disturbing them as I have disturbed you, if they appear to care for riches or for anything else more than for virtue; and if they think themselves something when they are really nothing, reproach them as I have reproached you for not caring for what they ought to care for, and with thinking they are something when they are really worth nothing. If you

do this, both I and my sons shall have received justice at your hands.

But now it is time to go hence, I to die and you to live; which is the better fate God alone knows.

—PLATO.

6

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

"FOR these reasons a man should be confident about his soul if during his lifetime he disregards all the pleasures and ornaments of the body as foreign to his nature and likely to do him more harm than good, strives to acquire¹⁰ knowledge and to adorn his soul with her own proper ornaments—temperance and justice and fortitude and freedom and truth, and thus awaits his journey to the other world as one who is ready to depart when fate shall sum-¹⁵mon him. You and all others will have to depart each at his own time; 'me,' as a tragedian would say, 'the voice of destiny now summons.'"

When he had thus spoken, Crito said, "So²⁰ be it, Socrates, but what commands have you to give any of us, either about your children or about any other matter regarding which we may best serve you?"

"Nothing new, Crito," he answered, "only²⁵ that, as I have always said, by taking care of

yourselves you will render a service to both me and mine as well as yourselves, even though you do not now make any promises. But if you neglect yourselves and will not adopt the manner of life of which I have both to-day and heretofore spoken, you will accomplish nothing however numerous and earnest your promises may be."

"We will strive to do so," said Crito; "but how do you wish to be buried?"

"Just as you please," he replied, "if only you can catch me, and I do not escape from you." And then smiling gently and looking round on us he said: "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that I am the same Socrates who has been conversing with you and putting his arguments in a systematic form. He thinks I am that Socrates whom he will soon see as a dead body, and he asks how he should bury me. The arguments which I have made use of to prove that after I have drunk the poison I shall no longer remain with you but shall depart to some happy state of the blessed, thus endeavoring to console both you and myself, seem to have had no effect upon him. Be, therefore, my sureties to him now as he was my surety to the judges, but in a very different way: he undertook that I would remain, but you must be sureties to him that when I die

I shall not remain but take my departure. Crito will thus more easily bear it, and when he sees my body burnt or buried he will not grieve over me as if I suffered some dreadful thing, or say at my funeral that it is Socrates who is laid out, or borne to the grave, or buried in it. For be assured, Crito, such incorrect language not only is wrong in itself but also does harm to the soul. Be of good courage, then, and say that it is only my body you are burying. Do with it as you please and as is customary."

Then the officer of the Eleven came in and standing close to him said: "I know, Socrates, that I shall not have to find fault with you as I have with others who are angry with me and curse me when by order of the magistrates I bid them drink the poison. During your time here I have found you the noblest, gentlest, and best of all that ever came to this place. I am sure, therefore, that you will not be angry with me, but will blame those who, as you know, have done you this wrong. And now farewell, for you know what I have come to tell you; try to bear as easily as possible what is inevitable," and bursting into tears he turned and went away.

Socrates looking after him said: "Fare you well also; I will do as you direct." Then

turning to us he added: "How courteous the man is! During my whole time here he has been visiting me; sometimes he has conversed with me, and has proved himself the kindest of men; see how sympathetically he sorrows for me now! But come, Crito, let us obey him; let the poison be brought if it is already prepared; if not, let the man prepare it."

Then Crito said: "I think the sun is still on the mountains; it has not yet set. I know that others have taken the poison very late, have eaten and drunk heartily, and have even enjoyed the company of their associates after the announcement has been made. Do not hasten, then, for there is yet time."

Socrates answered: "Those men, Crito, of whom you speak, naturally act in this way, for they think they will gain by so doing; I just as naturally will not do so, for I think I would gain nothing by drinking the poison a little later, to appear to myself ridiculous in being so fond and so sparing of a life that is already gone. Go then and do as I have requested."

Crito on hearing this made a sign to the servant who went out and, after being absent for some time, came back with the man whose duty it was to administer the poison which, already prepared, he carried in a cup. When

Socrates saw him he said, "My good friend, as you are skilled in these matters tell me what I must do."

"Nothing," he said, "except to walk about after you have drunk the poison until your legs feel heavy; then lie down and it will take effect."

At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates who, taking it cheerfully without tremor or change of countenance and looking¹⁰ steadfastly at the man as his custom was, inquired: "What say you to pouring a libation from this cup to any of the gods? Is it allowable or not?"

"We prepare, Socrates, only so much as we¹⁵ think the right quantity to drink," he answered.

"I understand you," said Socrates, "but it is certainly not merely permissible but a matter of duty to pray to the gods that my²⁰ journey to the other world may be prosperous: this is my prayer, and may it be granted."

As he said this he put the cup to his lips and calmly and cheerfully drank its contents. Thus far most of us had been able to refrain²⁵ from weeping, but when we saw him drinking and that he had finished the draught we could do so no longer. In spite of all I could do my own tears flowed fast, so that covering my face

I wept, not for him but because of my own misfortune in being deprived of such a friend. Even before I broke down, Crito unable to restrain his tears had moved away, and
5 Apollodorus who had never ceased weeping burst out in a agony of grief which pierced the heart of all present except Socrates himself.

"What strange conduct is this, my friends?" he said. "I sent the women away chiefly to
10 prevent a scene of this kind, for I have heard that a man should die in silence. Calm yourselves, therefore, and keep your composure."

When we heard this we were ashamed and restrained our tears. He walked about until,
15 as he said, his legs began to feel heavy, and then he lay down on his back as he had been directed to do. The man who had given him the poison examined his feet and legs from time to time. Pressing one foot hard he asked him
20 whether he felt it, and he said he did not. After that he pressed his legs higher and higher, showing us that he was growing cold and stiff. Then Socrates felt himself and remarked that when the poison reached his heart all would
25 be over. As he was growing cold about the lower part of the body he uncovered his face and said, speaking for the last time: "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; do not neglect to pay the debt."

"It shall be done," said Crito; "have you anything else to say?"

To this question Socrates made no reply, but shortly afterward a movement was noticed, and when the man uncovered him his eyes were fixed. Crito, seeing this, closed his mouth and his eyes.

Such was the end of our friend, whom we may truly call the best man of his time that we have known and also the wisest and the most just.

—PLATO.

THANATOPSIS.

To HIM who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms she speaks
 A various language: for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile 15
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings with a mild
 And healing sympathy that steals away
 Their sharpness ere he is aware.

When thoughts 20
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony and shroud and pall
 And breathless darkness and the narrow house
 Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart, 25
 Go forth under the open sky and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—

Earth and her waters and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days and then
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground
5 Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image.

Earth that nourished thee shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
10 Thine individual being shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
15 Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
20 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between,
25 The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green, and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
30 Of the great tomb of man.

The golden sun,

The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves

172 ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
5 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
10 When the Memnonium was in all its glory
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous
Of which the very ruins are tremendous !

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy—
15 Thou hast a tongue, come let us hear its tune ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy !
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon :
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh and limbs and features.

20 Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name ?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?
25 Had Thebes a hundred gates as sung by Homer ?

Perchance that very hand now pinioned flat
 Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharoah glass to glass,
 Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
 Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
 Or held by Solomon's own invitation
 A torch at the great temple's dedication.

5

I need not ask thee if that hand when arm'd
 Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
 For thou wert dead and buried and embalm'd
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckl'd ;
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

10

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the world look'd when it was fresh and young
 And the great Deluge still had left it green ;
 Or was it then so old that history's pages
 Contain'd no record of its early ages ?

15

Still silent ? incommunicative elf !
 Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;
 But prithee tell us something of thyself—
 Reveal the "secrets of thy prison-house !"
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd
 What hast thou seen—what strange adventures number'd ?

20

Since first thy form was in this box extended
 We have above ground seen some strange mutations :
 The Roman empire has begun and ended,
 New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled
 Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

25

30

174 ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
Overthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?
If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd
The nature of thy private life unfold ;
A heart has throb'd beneath that leathern breast
10 And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd ;
Have children climb'd those knees and kiss'd that face ?
What was thy name and station, age and race ?
Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !
15 Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed
And standest undecay'd within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning!
Why should this worthless tegument endure
20 If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
In living virtue that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom !

—HORACE SMITH.

“The darkest day in any man's earthly career is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it. He has lost the clue to his way through this mortal labyrinth and must henceforth wander as chance may dictate.”

—Greeley.

MORTALITY.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a swift-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,
The husband that mother and infant that blessed,
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose
eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memories of those that have loved her and is
praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman that climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

5 So the multitude go like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude come, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been;
10 We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and we feel the same sun
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from they too would
shrink;

15 To the life we are clinging to they too would cling,
But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved but no wail from their slumbers will come;
20 They joyed but the voice of their gladness is dumb;

They died—ah! they died! and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage-road.

25 Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear and the song and the dirge
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:
 Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—WILLIAM KNOX.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

"HE that followeth me walketh not in darkness," saith the Lord. These are the words of Christ, by which we are taught to imitate His life and manners if we would be truly enlightened and delivered from all blindness of heart. Let, therefore, our chief endeavor be to meditate upon the life of Jesus Christ. 5 10

The doctrine of Christ exceedeth all the doctrines of holy men, and he that hath the spirit will find therein the hidden manna.

But it falleth out that many, albeit they often hear the Gospel of Christ, are yet but little affected because they have not the Spirit of Christ. 15

Whosoever, then, would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ must endeavor to conform his life wholly to the life of Christ.

Surely great words do not make a man holy and just but a virtuous life maketh him dear to God. 20

If thou knewest the whole Bible by heart and the sayings of all the philosophers what would it profit thee without the love of God and without grace?

Vanity of vanities all is vanity, except to love God and Him only to serve. 25

This is the highest wisdom: by contempt of the world to tend toward the kingdom of Heaven. 12

It is therefore vanity to seek after perishing riches and to trust in them.

It is also vanity to strive after honors and to climb to high degree.

5 It is vanity to desire to live long and not to care to live well.

It is vanity to mind only this present life and not to make provision for those things which are to come.

It is vanity to love that which speedily passeth away
10 and not to hasten thither where everlasting joy awaiteth thee.

Glory not in wealth if thou have it, nor in friends because they are powerful, but in God who giveth all things, and who desireth to give thee Himself above
15 all things.

Esteem not thyself for the height of thy stature nor for the beauty of thy person, which may be disfigured and destroyed by a little sickness.

Esteem not thyself better than others, lest perhaps
20 in the sight of God, who knoweth what is in man, thou be accounted worse than they.

Be not proud of well-doing, for the judgment of God is far different from the judgment of men, and that often offendeth Him which pleaseth them.

25 Fly the tumult of the world as much as thou canst, for the treating of worldly affairs is a great hindrance although it be done with a sincere intention: for we are quickly defiled and enthralled by vanity.

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects
30 and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they may be: for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.

—THOMAS À KEMPIS.

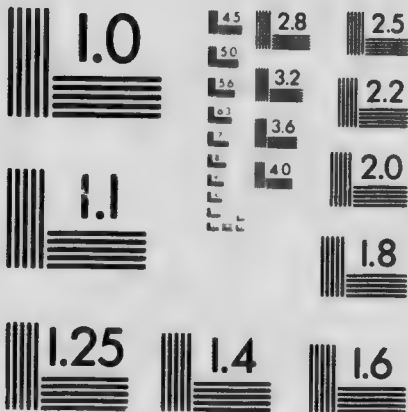
KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond Emperor of Allemaine,
 Apparelled in magnificent attire,
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,
 On St. John's eve at vespers proudly sat
 And heard the priests chant the Magnificat;
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
 Repeated like a burden or refrain,
 He caught the words, "Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles,"
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head
 He to a learned clerk beside him said:
 "What mean these words?" The clerk made answer
 meet,
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat
 And has exalted them of low degree."
 Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully:
 "'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
 Only by priests and in the Latin tongue,
 For unto priests and people be it known
 There is no power can push me from my throne!"
 And leaning back he yawned and fell asleep,
 Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.
 When he awoke it was already night,
 The church was empty, and there was no light
 Save where the lamps that glimmered few and faint
 Lighted a little space before some saint.
 He started from his seat and gazed around
 But saw no living thing and heard no sound.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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He groped towards the door but it was locked;
He cried aloud and listened and then knocked
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints
And imprecations upon men and saints.
5 The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
10 Came with his lantern asking, "Who is there?"
Half-choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering with a curse
"This is some drunken vagabond or worse!"
15 Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned nor looked at him nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night
20 And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire
Bareheaded breathless and besprent with mire,
25 With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate,
Rushed through the courtyard thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
30 His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.

From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed,
Voices and cries he heard but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room
Blazing with light and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king
Wearing his robes his crown his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features form and height
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel, and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation piercing the disguise
Though none the hidden angel recognize.

10

A moment speechless motionless amazed
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes,
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the King and come to claim my own
From an imposter who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly at these audacious words
Up sprang the angry guests and drew their swords;
The Angel answered with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King but the King's jester; thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

15

20

25

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;

30

A group of tittering pages ran before
And, as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed for he heard with strange alarms
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
5 And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
10 There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare discolored walls,
Close by the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
15 It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went, and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign.
Under the Angel's governance benign
20 The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus the giant was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
25 Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
30 What others left,—he still was unsubdued;

And, when the Angel met him on his way
And, half in earnest half in jest, would say
Sternly though tenderly that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow
And, lifting high his forehead he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond Emperor of Allemaine
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests
And gave them presents of embroidered vests
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade
With plumes and cloaks and housings and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state
Upon a piebald steed with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace
Fervent and full of apostolic grace.

- 5 While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert the jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look and behold in me
10 Robert your brother, King of Sicily!
This man who wears my semblance to your eyes
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry and say we are akin?"
15 The Pope in silence but with troubled mien
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor baffled jester in disgrace
20 Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel with its light
Before the sun rose made the city bright
25 And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester on his bed of straw
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before
30 And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,

He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air ascending heavenward.

And now, the visit ending and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno and from thence by sea ;
And, when once more within Palermo's wall
And seated on the throne in his great hall
He heard the Angelus from convent towers
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher
And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;
And when they were alone the Angel said,
" Art thou the King ! " Then bowing down his head
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast
And meekly answered him, " Thou knowest best !
My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence
And in some cloister's school of penitence
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven
Walk barefoot till my guilty soul be shriven ! "

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window loud and clear
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near
Above the stir and tumult of the street,
" He has put down the mighty from their seat
And has exalted them of low degree ! "
And through the chant a second melody

ROSE like the throbbing of a single string :
 "I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes and lo! he was alone,
 5 But all apparelled as in days of old
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold,
 And when his courtiers came they found him there
 Kneeling upon the floor absorbed in silent prayer.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

PART FIRST.

"MY golden spurs now bring to me
 10 And bring to me my richest mail,
 For to-morrow I go over land and sea
 In search of the Holy Grail;
 Shall never a bed for me be spread,
 Nor shall a pillow rest under my head,
 15 Till I begin my voyage deep;
 Here on the rushes shall I sleep,
 And perchance there may come a vision true
 Ere day create the world anew."

Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
 20 Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
 And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
 In the pool drownd the cattle up to their knees,
 The little birds sang as if it were
 25 The one day of summer in all the year,

And the very leaves seemed to ring on the trees ;
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray :
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be 5
Save to lord or lady of high degree ;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish steve her assaults defied ;
She could not scale the chilly wall
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall 10
Stretched left and right
Over the hills and out of sight ;
 Green and broad was every tent,
 And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night. 15

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all 20
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
 In his siege of three hundred summers long
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
 Had cast them forth ; so, young and strong
And lightsome as a locust leaf, 25
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree
 And morning in the young knight's heart ;

Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gift of the sunshine free
And gloomed by itself apart ;
The season brimmed all other things up
5 Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate
He was 'ware of a leper crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate ;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came.
10 The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall ;
For this man so foul and bent of stature
15 Rasped harshly against his dainty nature
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust :
" Better to me the poor man's crust,
20 Better the blessing of the poor
Though I turn me empty from his door ;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold ;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty ;
25 But he who gives a slender mite
And gives to that which is out of sight ,
That thread of the all-sustaining beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
30 The heart outstretches its eager palms,

For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PART SECOND.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak 5

For the weaver winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak

From his shining feathers shed off the sun.
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold
As if her veins were sapless and old 10
And she rose up decrepitley
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old bent man worn out and frail 15
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor. 20

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow 25
In the light and warmth of long ago:
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,

Then nearer and nearer till one by one
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where in its slender necklace of grass
5 The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade
And with its own self like an infant played
And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake I beg an alms":
The happy camels may reach the spring,
10 But Sir Launfal sees only the gruesome thing,
The leper lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

15 And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
20 The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me,
Behold through him I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
25 Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
30 He parted in twain his single crust,

He broke the ice on the stream's brink
And gave the leper to eat and drink ;
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
 'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed, 5
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal turned with a downcast face
A light shone round about the place ;
The leper no longer crouched at his side
But stood before him glorified, 10
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,
Himself the gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon,
And the voice that was calmer than silence said :
 " Lo it is I, be not afraid ! 20
In many climes without avail
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail ;
Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now ;
This crust is my body broken for thee, 25
This water His blood that died on the tree ;
The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need :
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare ; 30

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three--
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond :
"The Grail in my castle here is found !

5 Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet hall ;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

The castle gate stands open now,
10 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough ;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The summer's long siege at last is o'er ;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door
15 She entered with him in disguise
And mastered the fortress by surprise ;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round.
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
20 Has hall and bower at his command,
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"Character is not determined by a simple act, but by habitual conduct."

—Cuyler.

"Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings ;
those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow ; only one thing
endures—character !"

—Greeley.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,

Of me you shall not win renown :
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime ere you went to town.

At me you smiled, but unbeguiled

5

I saw the snare and I retired :
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.

10

Nor would I break for your sweet sake

A heart that doats on truer charms.

A simple maiden in her flower

15

Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is

I could not stoop to such a mind.

20

You sought to prove how I could love,

And my disdain is my reply ;

The lion on your old stone gates

Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

25

You put strange memories in my head :

Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies :
A great enchantress you may be ;
5 But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view ;
She had the passions of her kind,
10 She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear ;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

15 Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall,
The guilt of blood is at your door,
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse
20 To make him trust his modest worth,
And last you fix'd a vacant stare.
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
25 The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent ;
Howe'er it be it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good ;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
30 And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere :
 You pine among your halls and towers ;
 The languid light of your proud eyes
 Is wearied of the rolling hours.
 In glowing health with boundless wealth, 5
 But sickening of a vague disease,
 You know so ill to deal with time
 You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
 If time be heavy on your hands 10
 Are there no beggars at your gate
 Nor any poor about your lands ?
 Oh ! teach the orphan boy to read
 Or teach the orphan girl to sew ;
 Pray Heaven for a human heart 15
 And let the foolish yeoman go.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

WHAT IS TIME ?

I ASK'D an aged man, a man of cares,
 Wrinkled and curved and white with hoary hairs :
 "Time is the warp of life," he said ; "Oh tell
 The young, the fair, the gay to weave it well!" 20

I ask'd the ancient venerable dead,
 Sages who wrote and warriors who bled :
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd,
 "Time sow'd the seed we reap in this abode!"

I ask'd a dying sinner ere the tide 25
 Of life had left his veins : "Time !" he replied,
 "I've lost it ! Ah, the treasure !" —and he died.

I ask'd the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years ;
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,"
And bade me for eternity prepare.

- 5 I ask'd the seasons in their annual round
Which beautify or desolate the ground,
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
" 'Tis Folly's blank and Wisdom's highest prize !"

- I ask'd a spirit lost,—but oh ! the shriek
10 That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak,—
It cried, "A particle ! a speck ! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite !"

- Of things inanimate my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply :
15 "Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of glory or the path of hell."

- I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour, the past is fled ;
Live ! live to-day ! to-morrow never yet
20 On any human being rose or set."

I ask'd Old Father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past.
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds which left no trace behind.

- 25 I ask'd the mighty Angel who shall stand
One foot on sea and one on solid land :
"By Heaven !" he cried, "I swear the mystery's o'er ;
Time was,—Time is,—but Time shall be no more !"

—JOHN HOWARD MARSDEN.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !

O Duty ! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring and reprove ;
 Thou who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe,
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them, who in love and truth
 Where no misgiving is rely

Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,
 Who do thy work and know it not ;
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.

And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now who, ' unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed,
 Yet seek thy firm support according to their need.

I, loving freedom and untried,
 No sport of every random gust
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust ;

And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly if I may.

5 Through no disturbance of my soul
 Or strong compunction in me wrought
 I supplicate for thy control,
 But in the quietness of thought:
 Me this unchartered freedom tires;
 10 I feel the weight of chance-desires;
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace,
 15 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face;
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
 20 And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh
 and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!

I call thee: I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;

Oh, let my weakness have an end!
 25 Give unto me made lowly wise

The spirit of self-sacrifice;

The confidence of reason give,

And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?

It is the generous spirit who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought; 5
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn,
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there, 10
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with pain,
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power 15
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Contro' them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of the bad influence, and their good receives;
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate; 20
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure
As more exposed to suffering and distress; 25
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

200 CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

'Tis he whose law is reason, who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
8 And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows.

10 W ho, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim,
15 And therefore does not stoop nor lie in wait
For wealth or honors or for worldly state ;
Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife
20 Or mild concerns of ordinary life
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
25 Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness like a man inspired,
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made and sees what he foresaw ;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
30 Come when it will is equal to the need.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR. 201

He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes :
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be, 5
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve,
More brave for this that he hath much to love.

'Tis, finally, the man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye, 10
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,
Who with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what he most doth value must be won : 15
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who not content that former worth stand fast
Looks forward, persevering to the last
From well to better, daily self-surpass : 20
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame
And leave a dead unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause, 25
And while the mortal mist is gathering draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :

This is the happy warrior ; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-cave
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave?

5 “Where wert thou, brother, those four days?”
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

10 From every house the neighbors met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
15 He told it not, or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But he was dead, and there he sits,
20 And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
 Borne down by gladness so complete,
 She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
 With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers, 5
 Whose loves in higher love endure :
 What souls possess themselves so pure,
 Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

O thou that art toil and storm
 Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air, 10
 Whose faith has centre everywhere
 Nor cares to fix itself to form.

Leave thou thy sister when she prays
 Her early Heaven, her happy views ;
 Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse 15
 A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith through form is pure as thine,
 Her hands are quicker unto good :
 Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
 To which she links a truth divine ! 20

See thou that countest reason ripe
 In holding by the law within,
 Thou fail not in a world of sin
 And ev'n for want of such a type.

My own dim life should teach me this, 25
 That life shall live for evermore,
 Else earth is darkness at the core,
 And dust and ashes all that is ;

204 LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

This round of green, this orb of flame,
 Fantastic beauty such as lurks
 In some wild Poet when he works
Without a conscience or an aim

5 What then were God to such as I?
 'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
 Of all things mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die ;

 'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
10 Like birds the charming serpent draws,
 To drop head foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

 The' truths in manhood darkly join,
 Deep-seated in our mystic form,
15 We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin.

 For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
 Where truth in closest words shall fail,
 When truth embodied in a tale
20 Shall enter in at lowly doors.

 And so the Word had breath and wrought
 With human hands the creed of creeds
 In loveliness of perfect deeds
More strong than all poetic thought,

25 Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
 Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
 And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE TRAGEDIES OF BIRDS' NESTS.

My neighborhood on the Hudson is perhaps exceptionally unfavorable as a breeding haunt for birds owing to the abundance of fish-crows and red squirrels, and the season of which this chapter is mainly a chronicle seems to have been a black-letter one even for this place, for at least nine nests out of every ten that I observed during that spring and summer failed of their proper issue. It was a season of calamities, of violent deaths, of pillage and massacre among our feathered neighbors.

For the first time I noticed that the orioles were not safe in their strong pendent nests. Three broods were started in the apple-trees, only a few yards from the house, where for previous seasons the birds had nested without molestation; but this time the young were all destroyed when about half grown. Their chirping and chattering, which was so noticeable one day, suddenly ceased the next. The nests were probably plundered at night, and doubtless by the little red screech-owl, which I know is a denizen of these old orchards, living in the deeper cavities of the trees. The owl could alight on the top of the nest and easily thrust his murderous claw

down into its long pocket and seize the young and draw them forth. The tragedy of one of the nests was heightened or at least made more palpable by one of the half-fledged birds, 5 either in its attempt to escape or while in the clutches of the enemy, being caught and entangled in one of the horse-hairs by which the nest was stayed and held to the limb above. There it hung bruised and dead, gibbeted to 10 its own cradle.

I noted but two warblers' nests during that season, one of the black-throated blue-back and one of the redstart, the latter built in an apple-tree but a few yards from a little rustic 15 summer-house where I idle away many summer days. The lively little birds, darting and flashing about, attracted my attention for a week before I discovered their nest. They probably built it by working early in the 20 morning before I appeared upon the scene, as I never saw them with material in their beaks. Guessing from their movements that the nest was in a large maple that stood near by I climbed the tree and explored it thoroughly, 25 looking especially in the forks of the branches as the authorities say these birds build in a fork. But no nest could I find. Indeed, how can one by searching find a bird's nest? I overshot the mark—the nest was much nearer

me, almost under my very nose, and I discovered it, not by searching but by a casual glance of the eye, while thinking of other matters. The bird was just settling upon it as I looked up from my book and caught her in the act. The nest was built near the end of a long knotty horizontal branch of an apple-tree, but effectually hidden by the grouping of the leaves; it had three eggs, one of which proved to be barren. The two young birds grew apace¹⁰ and were out of the nest early in the second week, but something caught one of them the first night. The other probably grew to maturity, as it disappeared from the vicinity with its parents after some days.

15

The blue-back's nest was scarcely a foot from the ground in a little bush situated in a low dense wood of hemlock and beech and maple amid the Catskills—a deep, massive, elaborate structure in which the sitting bird sank till her²⁰ beak and tail alone were visible above the brim. It was a misty, chilly day when I chanced to find the nest, and the mother-bird knew instinctively that it was not prudent to leave her four half-incubated eggs uncovered²⁵ and exposed for a moment. When I sat down near the nest she grew very uneasy and, after trying in vain to decoy me away by suddenly dropping from the branches and dragging

herself over the ground as if mortally wounded, she approached and timidly and half doubtingly covered her eggs within two yards of where I sat.

I disturbed her several times to note her ways. There came to be something almost appealing in her looks and manner, and she would keep her place on her precious eggs till my outstretched hand was within a few feet of her.

Finally I covered the cavity of the nest with a dry leaf. This she did not remove with her beak, but thrust her head deftly beneath it and shook it off upon the ground. Many of her sympathizing neighbors, attracted by her alarm note, came and had a peep at the intruder and then flew away, but the male bird did not appear upon the scene. The final history of this nest I am unable to give, as I did not again visit it till late in the season, when, of course, it was empty.

Years pass without my finding a brown-thrasher's nest; it is not a nest you are likely to stumble upon in your walk; it is hidden as a miser hides his gold and watched as jealously. The male pours out his rich and triumphant song from the tallest tree he can find and fairly challenges you to come and look for his treasures in his vicinity. But you will not find them if you go. The nest is somewhere on the outer circle of his song; he is never so

imprudent as to take up his stand very near it. The artists who draw those cosy little pictures of a brooding mother-bird with the male perched but a yard away in full song do not copy from nature.

The thrasher's nest I found was thirty or forty rods from the point where the male was wont to indulge in his brilliant recitative. It was in an open field under a low ground-juniper. My dog disturbed the sitting bird as I was passing near. The nest could be seen only by lifting up and parting away the branches. All the arts of concealment had been carefully studied. It was the last place you would think of looking and, if you did look, nothing was visible but the dense green circle of the low-spreading juniper. When you approached, the bird would keep her place till you had begun to stir the branches, when she would start out and, just skimming the ground, make a bright brown line to the near fence and bushes. I confidently expected that this nest would escape molestation, but it did not. Its discovery by myself and dog probably opened the door for ill luck, as one day not long afterward, when I peeped in upon it, it was empty. The proud song of the male had ceased from his accustomed tree, and the pair were seen no more in that vicinity.

The phœbe-bird is a wise architect and perhaps enjoys as great an immunity from danger both in its person and its nest as any other bird. Its modest ashen-gray suit is the color of the rocks where it builds, and the moss of which it makes such free use gives to its nest the look of a natural growth or accretion. But when it comes into the barn or under the shed to build, as it so frequently does, the moss is rather out of place. Doubtless in time the bird will take the hint and when she builds in such places will leave the moss out. I noted but two nests the summer I am speaking of: one in a barn failed of issue on account of the rats, I suspect, though the little owl may have been the depredator; the other in the woods sent forth three young.

This latter nest was most charmingly and ingeniously placed. I discovered it while in quest of pond-lilies in a long, deep, level stretch of water in the woods. A large tree had blown over at the edge of the water, and its dense mass of upturned roots, with the black peaty soil filling the interstices, was like the fragment of a wall several feet high rising from the edge of the languid current. In a niche in this earthy wall and visible and accessible only from the water a phœbe had built her nest and reared her brood. I paddled my boat

up and came alongside prepared to take the family aboard. The young, nearly ready to fly, were quite undisturbed by my presence, having probably been assured that no danger need be apprehended from that side. It was not a ⁵ likely place for minks or they would not have been so secure.

I noted but one nest of the wood pewee and that too, like so many other nests, failed of issue. It was saddled upon a small dry limb of a ¹⁰ plane-tree, that stood by the roadside, about forty feet from the ground. Every day for nearly a week as I passed by I saw the sitting bird upon the nest. Then one morning she was not in her place, and on examination the ¹⁵ nest proved to be empty—robbed, I had no doubt, by the red squirrels, as they were very abundant in its vicinity and appeared to make a clean sweep of every nest.

There is no nest-builder that suffers more ²⁰ from crows and squirrels and other enemies than the wood-thrush. It builds as openly and unsuspiciously as if it thought the whole world as honest as itself. Its favorite place is the fork of a sapling eight or ten feet from the ground, ²⁵ where it falls an easy prey to every nest-robber that comes prowling through the woods and groves. It is not a bird that skulks and hides like the cat-bird, the brown-thrasher, the

chat, or the cheewink, and its nest is not concealed with the same art as theirs. Our thrushes are all frank, open-mannered birds, but the veery and the hermit build upon the
 5 ground where they at least escape the crows, owls, and jays, and stand a better chance to be overlooked by the red squirrel and weasel also, while the robin seeks the protection of dwellings and outbuildings.

10 For years I have not known the nest of a wood-thrush to succeed. During the season referred to I observed but two, both apparently a second attempt as the season was well advanced, and both failures. In one case the
 15 nest was placed in a branch that an apple-tree standing near a dwelling held out over the highway. The structure was barely ten feet above the middle of the road, and would just escape a passing load of hay. It was made
 20 conspicuous by the use of a large fragment of newspaper in its foundation—an unsafe material to build upon in most cases. Whatever else the press may guard, this particular newspaper did not guard this nest from harm. It saw the egg
 25 and probably the chick but not the fledgeling. A murderous deed was committed above the public highway, but whether in the open day or under cover of darkness I have no means of knowing. The frisky red squirrel was doubtless the culprit.

The other nest was in a maple sapling within a few yards of the little rustic summer-house already referred to. The first attempt of the season I suspect had failed in a more secluded place under the hill, so the pair had 5 come up nearer the house for protection. The male sang in the trees near by for several days before I chanced to see the nest. The very morning, I think, it was finished I saw a red squirrel exploring a tree but a few yards away; 10 he probably knew what the singing meant as well as I did. I did not see the inside of the nest for it was almost instantly deserted, the female having probably laid a single egg which the squirrel had devoured.

15

If I were a bird, in building my nest I should follow the example of the bobolink, placing it in the midst of a broad meadow where there was no spear of grass or flower or growth unlike another to mark its site. 20 I judge that the bobolink escapes the dangers to which I have adverted, as few or no other birds do. Unless the mowers come along at an earlier date than she has anticipated, that is before the first of July, or a skunk goes 25 nosing through the grass, which is unusual, she is as safe as bird well can be in the great open of nature. She selects the most monotonous and uniform place she can find amid the daisies or

the timothy and clover, and places her simple structure upon the ground in the midst of it. There is no concealment except as the great conceals the little, as the desert conceals the pebble, as the myriad conceals the unit. You may find the nest once if your course chances to lead you across it and your eye is quick enough to note the silent brown bird as she darts quickly away; but step three paces in the wrong direction and your search will probably be fruitless.

My friend and I found a nest by accident one day and then lost it again one minute afterward. I moved away a few yards to be sure of the mother-bird, charging my friend not to stir from his tracks. When I returned he had moved four paces, and we spent a half hour stooping over the daisies and the buttercups looking for the lost clue. We grew desperate and fairly felt the ground all over with our hands, but without avail. I marked the spot with a bush and came the next day, and moved about it in slowly increasing circles, covering every inch of the ground with my feet and laying hold of it with all the visual power that I could command till my patience was exhausted and I gave up baffled.

I began to doubt the ability of the parent birds themselves to find it, and so secreted

myself and watched. After much delay the male bird appeared with food in his beak and dropped into the grass. Fastening my eye upon a particular meadow-lily I walked straight to the spot, bent down, and gazed long and intently into the grass. Finally my eye separated the nest and its young from its surroundings. My foot had barely missed them in my search, but by how much they had escaped my eye I could not tell—probably not by distance at all but simply by unrecognition. They were virtually invisible. The dark gray and yellowish brown dry grass and stubble of the meadow-bottom were exactly copied in the color of the half-fledged young. More than that, they hugged the nest so closely and formed such a compact mass that though there were five of them they preserved the unit of expression; no single head or form was defined—they were one, and that one was without shape or color, and not separable except by closest scrutiny from the one of the meadow-bottom. That nest prospered as bobolinks' nests doubtless generally do, for notwithstanding the enormous slaughter of the birds during their fall migrations by southern sportsmen the bobolink appears to hold its own, and its music does not diminish in our northern meadows.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

It was the season when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics written by his hand
Whom Saxon Cadmon calls the Blythe-heart King:
5 When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the spring,
And rivulets rejoicing rush and leap
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird piping loud
10 Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
15 Knowing who hears the raven's cry and said,
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote and, passing, hailed
20 The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or, quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors landed in the street
Of seaport town and, with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish, frightening girls and boys.

25 Thus came the jocund spring in Killingworth
In fabulous days some hundred years ago,
And thrifty farmers as they tilled the earth
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow

That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway 5

To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who in lieu of pay
Levied blackmail upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay

The awful scarecrow with his fluttering shreds— 10
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white
With fluted columns and a roof of red,
The squire came forth, august and splendid sight; 15
Slowly descending with majestic tread

Three flights of steps nor looking left nor right
Down the long street he walked as one who said,
“A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!” 20

The parson, too, appeared—a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year
And read with fervor “Edwards on the Will.”

His favorite pastime was to slay the deer 25
In summer on some Adirondac hill;

E'en now while walking down the rural lane
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the academy whose belfry crowned
The hill of science with its vane of brass 30

Came the preceptor, gazing idly round
Now at the clouds now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
5 Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water and as good as bread.

And next the deacon issued from his door
In his voluminous neck-cloth white as snow ;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore ;
10 His form was ponderous and his step was slow ;
There never was so wise a man before :
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

15 These came together in the new town-hall
With sundry farmers from the region round ;
The squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound.
Ill fared it with the birds both great and small :
20 Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the preceptor to redress the wrong
25 And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng,
Then thought of fair Almira and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown
30 And quite determined not to be laughed down :

"Plato, anticipating the reviewers,

From his republic banished without pity
The poets. In this little town of yours

You put to death by means of a committee

The ballad-singers and the troubadours,

5

The street musicians of the heavenly city,

The birds who make sweet music for us all

In our dark hours as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day

From the green steeples of the piney wood,

10

The oriole in the elm, the noisy jay

Jargoning like a foreigner at his food,

The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray

Flooding with melody the neighborhood,

Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng

15

That dwell in nests and have the gift of song

"You slay them all! And wherefore? For the gain

Of a scant handful more or less of wheat

Or rye or barley or some other grain,

Scratched up at random by industrious feet

20

Searching for worm or weevil after rain!

Or a few cherries that are not so sweet

As are the songs these uninvited guests

Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these? 25

Do you ne'er think who made them and who taught

The dialect they speak, where melodies

Alone are the interpreters of thought?

Whose household words are songs in many keys

Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught? 30

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven ?

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim leaf-latticed windows of the grove,

- 5 How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this remember too
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents from shore to shore
10 Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds !

Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams,
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams !

- 15 Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door ?

"What ! would you rather see the incessant stir

- 20 Of insects in the windrows of the hay
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play ?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirr
Of meadow-lark and her sweet roundelay,
25 Or twitter of little fieldfares as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake ?

"You call them thieves and pillagers, but know

They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe

- 30 And from your harvests keep a hundred harms ;

Even the blackest of them all, the crow,

Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness

5

And mercy to the weak and reverence
For life which, in its weakness or excess,

Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or death which, seeming darkness, is no less

The self-same light although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech

10

You contradict the very things I teach!"

With this he closed, and through the audience went

A murmur like the rustle of dead leaves ;

The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent

15

Their yellow heads together like their sheaves.

Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment

Who put their trust in bullocks and in bees.

The birds were doomed and, as the record shows,

A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

20

There was another audience out of reach,

Who had no voice nor vote in making laws

But in the papers read his little speech

And crowned his modest temples with applause ;

They made him conscious, each one more than each,

25

He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.

Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,

O fair Almira, at the academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began :

O'er fields and orchards and o'er woodland crests
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.

Dead fell the birds with blood-stains on their breasts

5 Or, wounded, crept away from sight of man

While the young died of famine in their nests :
A slaughter to be told in groans not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of birds !

The summer came and all the birds were dead.

10 The days were like hot coals ; the very ground
Was burned to ashes ; in the orchards fed

Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden-beds

Hosts of devouring insects crawled and found
15 No foe to check their march till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town
Because, like Herod, it had ruth.

Slaughtered the innocents. From the trees spun down

20 The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry ;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

25 The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error and would not complain,
For, after all, the best thing one can do

When it is raining is to let it rain.

Then they repealed the law although they knew

30 It would not call the dead to life again :

As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate

That year in Killingworth the autumn came

Without the light of his majestic look,

The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,

The illumined pages of his Dooms-Day book.

A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame

And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,

While the wild wind went moaning everywhere

Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next spring a stranger sight was seen,

A sight that never yet by bard was sung,

As great a wonder as it would have been

If some dumb animal had found a tongue!

A waggon overarched with evergreen,

Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung

All full of singing-birds, came down the street

Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought

By order of the town with anxious quest

And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought

In woods and fields the places they loved best,

Singing loud canticles which many thought

Were satires to the authorities addressed,

While others listening in green lanes averred

Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they

Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know

It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,

And everywhere, around, above, below,

When the preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA.

- 5 List, 'twas the Cuckoo --O with what delight
Heard I that voice and catch it now, though faint,
Far off and faint and melting into air,
Yet not to be mistaken! Hark again!
Those louder cries give notice that the bird,
10 Although invisible as echo's self,
Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, happy creature,
For this unthought-of greeting! While, allured
From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,
We have pursued through various lands a long
15 And pleasant course, flower after flower has blown
Embellishing the ground that gave them birth
With aspects novel to my sight, but still
Most fair, most welcome when they drank the dew
In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved
20 For old remembrance sake. And oft—where spring
Display'd her richest blossoms among files
Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit
Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade
Of ilex or, if better suited to the hour,
25 The lightsome olive's twinkling canopy—
Oft have I heard the nightingale and thrush
Blending as in a common English grove

Their love-songs ; but, where'er my feet might roam,
 Whate'er assemblages of new and old
 Strange and familiar might beguile the way,
 A gratulation from that vagrant voice
 Was wanting, and most happily till now : 5
 For see, Laverna ! mark the far-famed pile
 High on the brink of that precipitous rock
 Implanted like a fortress, as in truth
 It is, a Christian fortress garrisoned
 In faith and hope and dutiful obedience 10
 By a few monks, a stern society
 Dead to the world and scorning earth-born joys.

Nay, though the hopes that drew, the fears that drove
 St. Francis far from man's resort to abide
 Among these sterile heights of Apennine 15
 Bound him, nor since he raised yon house have ceased
 To bind his spiritual progeny, with rules
 Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live,
 His milder genius (thanks to the good God
 That made us) over those severe restraints 20
 Of mind, that dread heart-freezing discipline,
 Doth sometimes here predominate and works
 By unsought means for gracious purposes,
 For earth through heaven for heaven by changeful earth
 Illustrated and mutually endeared. 25

Rapt though he were above the power of sense,
 Familiarly yet out of the cleansed heart
 Of that once sin-laden being overflowed
 On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,
 And every shape of creature they sustain, 30
 Divine affections ; and with beast and bird
 (Stilled from afar—such marvel story tells—

By casual outbreak of his passionate words,
And from their own pursuits in field or grove
Drawn to his side by look or act of love
Humane and virtue of his innocent life)
5 He wont to hold companionship so free,
So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight
As to be likened in his followers' minds
To that which our first parents, ere the fall
From their high state darkened the earth with fear,
10 Held with all kinds in Eden's blissful bowers.

Then question not that 'mid the austere band
Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where he trod,
Some true partakers of his loving spirit
Do still survive and, with those gentle hearts
15 Consorted, others in the power, the faith
Of a baptized imagination, prompt
To catch from nature's humblest monitors
Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime.

Thus sensitive must be the monk, though pale
20 With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years,
Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see
Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk
Seated alone with forehead skyward raised,
Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore
25 Appended to his bosom, and lips closed
By the joint pressure of his musing mood
And habit of his vow. That ancient man—
Nor haply less the brother whom I marked
As we approached the convent gate, aloft
30 Looking far forth from his aerial cell,
A young ascetic (poet, hero, sage
He might have been, lover belike he was)—

If they received into a conscious ear
 The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,
 Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy
 My heart, may have been moved like me to think
 (Ah! not like me who walk in the world's ways)
 On the great prophet styled "the voice of one
 Crying amid the wilderness," and given
 Now that their snows must melt, their herbs and flowers
 Revive, their obstinate winter pass away—
 That awful name to thee: thee, simple cuckoo,
 Wandering in solitude and evermore
 Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave
 This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies
 To carry thy g'lad tidings over heights
 Still loftier and to climes more near the pole.
 Voice of the desert, fare thee well: Sweet bird!
 If that substantial title please thee more,
 Farewell!—but go thy way, no need hast thou
 Of a good wish sent after thee; from bower
 To bower as green, from sky to sky as clear
 Thee gentle breezes waft, or airs that meet
 Thy course and sport around thee softly fan,
 Till night descending upon hill and vale
 Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence
 And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

"Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."

—*Carlyle.*

"The earth is like a road: a poor place for sleeping in, a good thing to travel over."

--*Hillis.*

THE BLACKBIRD.

O BLACKBIRD ! sing me something well :
While all the neighbors shoot thee round
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground
Where thou may'st warble, eat, and dwell.

5 The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine : the range of lawn and park ;
The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,
All thine, against the garden wall.

10 Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring,
Thy sole delight is sitting still
With that gold dagger of thy bill
To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill ! the silver tongue
Cold February loved is dry :
15 Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once when young ;

And in the sultry garden-squares,
Now thy flute-notes are changed to coarse,
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
20 As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning ! he that will not sing
While yon sun prospers in the blue
Shall sing for want ere leaves are new,
Caught in the frozen palms of spring.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven or near it
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

5

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest
 And singing still dost soar and soaring ever singest.

10

In the golden lightning
 Of a sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float and run
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

15

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

20

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear
 Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

25

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
5 The moon rains out her beams and heaven is over-
flowed.

What thou art we know not :
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
10 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody,

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
15 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a ' -born maiden
In a palace tower
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
20 With music sweet as love which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
25 Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the
view :

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd
 thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers :
 All that ever was
 Joyous and clear and fresh thy music doth surpass, 10

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine :
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. 15

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphant chaunt
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. 20

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain? 25
 With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be ;

Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee ;
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
5 Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after
10 And pine for what is not ;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet, if we could scorn
15 Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
20 Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
25 That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then as I am listening now.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee, and rejoice.
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy two-fold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome darling of the spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery :

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to—that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee often did I rove
Through woods and on the green,
And thou wert still a hope, a love :
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.

5 O blesséd bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial fäery place
That is fit home for thee!

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
10 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
15 And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:
Hail to thee, far above the rest
20 In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, living! in thy green array,
Presiding spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion.

25 Amid yon tuft of hazel trees
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,

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Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings
That cover him all over.

5

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A brother of the dancing leaves;
Then flits and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes,
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless form he chose to feign
While fluttering in the bushes.

10

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot
But being too happy in thy happiness—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green and shadows numberless
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

15

20

O for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth!

25

- O for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple-stained mouth,
5 That I might drink and leave the world unseen
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known—
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
10 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few sad last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
15 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
20 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the queen-moon is on her throne
Cluster'd around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
25 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But in embalmed darkness guess each sweet
30 Wnerewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild,
 White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine,
 Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves,
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme
 To take into the air my quiet breath; 10
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain— 15
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown: 20
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears among the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam 25
 Of perilous seas, in fæery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf. 30

Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades :
5 Was it a vision or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?

—JOHN KEATS.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE ! thou surely art
A creature of a "fiery heart" :
These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce—
10 Tumultuous harmony and fierce !
Thou sing'st as if the god of wine
Had helped thee to a valentine :
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades and dews and silent night
15 And steady bliss and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

I heard a stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale this very day ;
His voice was buried among trees,
20 Yet to be come at by the breeze ;
He did not cease but cooed and cooed,
And somewhat pensively he wooed ;
He sang of love with quiet blending
Slow to begin and never ending,
25 Of serious faith and inward glee :
That was the song—the song for me !

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

WILD bird, w^hose warble liquid sweet
 Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,
 O tell me where the senses mix,
 O tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate; fierce extremes employ
 Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
 And in the midmost heart of grief
 Thy passion clasps a secret joy.

And I—my harp would prelude woe—
 I cannot all command the strings;
 The glory of the sum of things
 Will flash along the chords and go.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE SONG-SPARROW.

WHEN plowmen ridge the steamy brown
 And yearning meadows sprout to green
 And all the spires and towers of town
 Blent soft with wavering mists are seen;
 When quickened woods in freshening hue
 Along Mount Royal billowy swell,
 When airs caress and May is new,
 Oh then my shy bird sings so well!

Because the blood-roots flock in white
 And blossomed branches scent the air
 And mounds with trillium flags are digh
 And myriad dells of violets rare;

Because such velvet leaves unclose
 And new-born rills all chiming ring
 And blue the dear St. Lawrence flows—
 My timid bird is forced to sing

5 A joyful flourish lilted clear—
 Four notes—then fails the frolic song,
 And memories of a vanished year
 The wistful cadences prolong:
 “A vanished year—O, heart too sore—
 10 I cannot sing”: thus ends the lay;
 Long silence, then awakes once more
 His song ecstatic of the May!

—EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON.

THE WHITETHROAT.

SHY bird of the silver arrows of song
 That cleave our northern air so clear,
 15 Thy notes prolong, prolong,
 I listen, I hear—
 “I—love—dear—Canada, Canada, Canada.”
 O plumes of the pointed dusky fir,
 Screen of a swelling patriot heart,
 20 The copse is all astir
 And echoes thy part!
 Now willowy reeds tune their silver flutes
 As the noise of the day dies down,
 And silence strings her lutes
 25 The whitethroat to crown.

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O bird of the silver arrows of song,
Shy poet of Canada dear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
We listen, we hear—
“I—love—dear—Canada, Canada, Canada.” 5

—THEODORE HARDING RAND.

THE CANADIAN SONG-SPARROW.

FROM the leafy maple ridges,
From the thickets of the cedar,
From the alders by the river,
From the bending willow branches,
From the hollows and the hillsides, 10
Through the lone Canadian forest
Comes the melancholy music,
Oft repeated, never changing,
“All-is-vanity-vanity-vanity.”

Where the farmer ploughs his furrow, 15
Sowing seed with hope of harvest,
In the orchard white with blossom,
In the early field of clover
Comes the little brown-clad singer
Flitting in and out of bushes, 20
Hiding well behind the fences,
Piping forth his song of sadness
“Poor-hu-manity-manity-manity.”

THE DEATH OF ARTHUR.

AND thus they fought all the long day, and never ceased till many noble knights were laid on the cold ground, and they continued still to fight till it was near night, and by that
5 time there were an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then Arthur looked about him and saw that of all his good knights were left alive only two, Sir Lucan and his brother Sir Bedivere, and they were full sore wounded.
10 Then the King saw where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. "Now give me my spear," said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, "for yonder I have espied the traitor that has wrought all this woe."

15 "Sir, let him be," said Sir Lucan, "for he is unhappy, and if ye pass this unhappy day ye shall be well revenged upon him."

"Tide me death, betide me life," said the King, "now I see him yonder alone he shall
20 never escape my hands, for I shall never have him at a better advantage."

"God speed you well," said Sir Bedivere.

Then the King got his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred crying,
25 "Traitor! now is thy death day come." And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur he ran to

him with his sword drawn in his hand. And then King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield with a thrust of his spear which passed entirely through his body. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound he thrust himself with all his strength up to the ring of Arthur's spear, and, with his sword which he held in both his hands, he smote the King on the side of the head so that the sword cut through both the helmet and the skull, and immediately he himself fell stark dead to the earth. And the noble Arthur fell into one swoon after another, and Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere often raised him up and weakly led him between them to a little chapel not far from the seaside. While attempting to carry him for greater safety to some town Sir Lucan himself fell in a swoon, and his noble heart broke. Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother.

20

"Leave this mourning and weeping," said the King, "for all this will not avail me, and, if I might myself live, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore. But my time hastens fast; therefore take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder waterside, and, when thou comest there, I charge thee to throw it in that water, and come again and tell me what thou seest."

"My lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your commandment shall be done, and I will lightly bring you word again." So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that the haft and pommel of that noble sword were all of precious stones. Then said he to himself, "If I throw this rich sword in the water, no good, but harm and loss, shall come thereof." And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree, and as soon as he might he came again unto the King and said he had been at the water and had thrown the sword into the water.

"What sawest thou there?" said the King.

"Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waves and winds."

"That is untruly said of thee," said the King; "therefore go thou lightly again and do my command as thou art lief and dear to me; spare not but throw it in."

Then Sir Bedivere returned again and took the sword in his hand, and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword; and so he quickly hid the sword and returned again and told to the King that he had been at the water and done his commandment.

"What sawest thou there?" said the King.

"Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan."

"Ah, traitor untrue," said King Arthur, "now

thou has betrayed me twice. Who would have wend that thou hast been to me so lief and dear; and thou art called a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarry-⁵ ing putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And if thou do not now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead.”¹⁰

Then Sir Bedivere departed and went to the sword and lightly took it up and went to the water side, and there he bound the girdle about the hilt and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an¹⁵ arm and a hand above the water and met it and caught it and so shook it thrice and brandished it and then vanished away, the hand with the sword, in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the King and told him what he²⁰ saw.

“Alas,” said the King, “help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long.”

Then Sir Bedivere took the King upon his back and so went with him to that water side.²⁵ And, when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen; and all they had black hoods, and

all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. "Now put me into the barge," said the King, and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set him down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, "Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught over much cold."

10 And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, "Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine
15 enemies?"

"Comfort thyself," said the King, "and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound.
20 And if thou hear never more of me pray for my soul." But ever the queens and the ladies wept and shrieked that it was pity to hear.

And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost sight of the barge he wept and wailed, and so took
25 the forest and so he went all that night, and in the morning he perceived betwixt two holts hoar a chapel and a hermitage. Then was Sir Bedivere glad, and thither he went; and when he came into the chapel he saw where

lay an hermit groveling on all fours there fast by a tomb new graven. When the hermit saw Sir Bedivere he knew him well, for he was but a little before Bishop of Canterbury that Sir Mordred banished.

"Sir," said Sir Bedivere, "what man is there interred that ye pray so fast for?"

"Fair son," said the hermit, "I know not for certain but by supposing. But this night at midnight here came a number of ladies¹⁰ and brought hither a dead corpse and prayed me to bury him; and here they offered an hundred tapers and gave me an hundred besants."

"Alas," said Sir Bedivere, "that was my¹⁵ lord King Arthur that here lieth buried in this chapel!"

SIR THOMAS MALORY.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

So ALL day long the noise of battle roll'd

Among the mountains by the winter sea,

Until King Arthur's table, man by man,

20

Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,

King Arthur; then, because his wound was deep,

) The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,

Sir Bedivere the last of all his knights,

And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,

25

A broken chancel with a broken cross,

That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

- 5 "The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. ~~I~~ I think that we
Shall never more at any future time
- 10 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
- 15 To rule once more—but let what will be, be;
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how,
- 20 In those old days, one summer noon an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it like a king.
- 25 And wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime this also shall be known;
But now delay not: take Excalibur
And fling him far into the middle mere,
Watch what thou seest and lightly bring me word."
- 30 To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.

A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs 5
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake. 10

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him drawing it the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks, 15
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind
In act to throw; but at the last it seem'd 20
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere: 25
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds
And the wild water lapping on the crag." 30

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,

Not rendering true answer as beseem'd
 Thy fealty nor like a noble knight ;
 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand
 Or voice or else a motion of the mere.

✶ This is a shameful thing for men to lie. ✶
 Yet now I charge thee, quickly go again
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
 I bad thee : watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time

- 10 Across the ridge and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
 His palms together and he cried aloud,
- 15 "And if indeed I cast the brand away
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
 What good should follow this, if this were done ?
- 20 What harm undone ? deep harm to disobey,
 ✶ Seeing obedience is the bond of rule. ✶
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
 An act unprofitable, against himself ?
 The king is sick and knows not what he does.
- 25 What record or what relic of my lord
 Shall be to aftertime but empty breath
 And rumors of a doubt ? but were this kept
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms
- 30 Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the lake ;
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps

Upon the hidden bases of the hills.
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence;
But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he clouded with his own conceit, 5
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded king.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere : 10
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me! 15

Authority forgets a dying king
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights
In whom should meet the offices of all, 20
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt:
Either from lust of gold or, like a girl,
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence : 25
But if thou spare to fling Excalibur
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere and ran
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged 30
Among the bulrush-beds and clutch'd the sword
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon

And, flashing round and round and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night with noises of the northern sea. X

5 So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But, ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt and brandish'd him
Three times and drew him under in the mere.

10 And lightly went the other to the king.
Then spoke King Arthur drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out; what is it thou hast heard or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
15 "Sir King, I closed mine eyelids lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

20 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt and brandish'd him
Three times and drew him under in the mere."

25 And answer made King Arthur breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

30 So saying from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes

As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken but he found not words,
Then took with care and, kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands, 5
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the king,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick! 10
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath and looking as he walk'd
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep be'ind him and a cry 15

Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang 20
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—

And on a sudden, lo! the level lake
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern, 25
Beneath them, and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these,
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars 30

And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation like a wind that shrills

All night in a waste land where no one comes
Or hath come since the making of the world.

- Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
5 Put forth their hands and took the king and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest laid his head upon her lap
And loosed the shatter'd casque and chafed his hands
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud
10 And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
And colorless and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east,
And all his greaves and cuisses dashed with drops
15 Of onset, and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parched with dust,
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips
20 So like a shattered column lay the king :
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
25 Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere :
"Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
For now I see the true old times are dead
When every morning brought a noble chance
30 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy elders with the gift of myrrh.

But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world ;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds." 5

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
"The old order changeth yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me? 10

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice 15
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend? 20

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go,
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt 25

To the island-valley of Avilion
Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea, 30
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail

Moved from the brink like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
5 Revolving many memories till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn
And on the mere the wailing died away.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE TOMB OF ARTHUR.

WHY put the great in time their trust?
Whate'er on earth we prize
10 Of dust was made and is but dust
For all its brave disguise.
No boor but one day with the just
May triumph in the skies!

Ambition doth but chase a gleam,
15 An idle toy the sword!
The crown a mockery, power a dream—
For Christ alone is Lord.
This lore King Henry learned. Of him
I will a tale record.

20 The tourney past, in festival
Baron and knight are met;
Last pomp it was that graced the hall
Of great Plantagenet:
A prince for valor praised by all,
25 More famed for wisdom yet.

The board rang loud with kingly cheer ;

Light jest and laugh and song

Ran swiftly round from peer to peer ;

Alone on that gay throng

The harper looked with eye severe,

5

The while in unknown tongue

A mournful dirge abroad he poured :

Sad strains forlorn and slow,

Poor wreck of music prized and stored

Long centuries ago

10

On Briton hills ere Saxon sword

Had stained as yet their snow.

"Strike other chords," the monarch cried ;

"Whate'er thy words may be

They sound the dirge of festal pride :

15

Warriors, not monks, are we !

The melodies to grief allied

No music make for me !"

The harper's eye with warlike fire

One moment shone, no more ;

20

His lips, but now compressed in ire,

A smile disdainful wore

While forth from each resounding wire

Its fiercer soul he tore.

Louder and louder pealed the strain,

25

More wild and soul-entrancing,

Picturing now helmets cloven in twain,

Now swords like meteors glancing,

Now trampling hosts o'er hill and plain

Retreating and advancing.

30

Each measure mightier than the last
Rushed forth, stern triumphs wooing,
Like some great angel on the blast
From heaven to heaven pursuing
5 With outspread pinion far and fast
A host abhorred to ruin.

The bard meanwhile with cold stern air
Looked proudly on the proud,
Fixing unmoved a victor's stare
10 On that astonished crowd—
Till all the princes gathered there
Leaped up and cried aloud:

"What man, what chief, what crowned head,
Eternal heir of fame,
15 Of all that live or all the dead
This praise shall dare to claim?"
Then rose that British bard and said,
"King Arthur is his name."

"What sceptre grasped King Arthur's hand?"
20 "The sceptre of this isle."
"What nations bled beneath his brand?"
"The Saxon foe erewhile."
"His tomb?" was Henry's next demand.
"He sleeps in yonder pile."

25 Forth went the King with all his train
At the mid hour of night,
They paced in pairs the silent plain
Under the red torch-light;
The moon was sinking in her wane,
30 The tower yet glimmered bright.

Through Glastonbury's cloister dim
The midnight winds were sighing,
Chaunting a low funereal hymn
For those in silence lying,
Death's gentle flock mid shadows grim 8
Fast bound and unreplying.

Hard by the monks their mass were saying;
The organ, evermore
Its wave in alternation awaying,
On that smooth swell upbore 10
The voice of their melodious praying
Towards heaven's eternal shore.

Erelong a princely multitude
Moved on through arches gray
Which yet, though shattered, stand where stood — 15
God grant they stand for aye!
Saint Joseph's church of woven wood
On England's baptism day.

The grave they found; their swift strokes fell,
Piercing dull earth and stone. 20
They reached ere long an oaken cell
And cross of oak, whereon
Was graved, "Here sleeps King Arthur well
In the Isle of Avalon."

The mail on every knightly breast, 25
The steel at each man's side,
Sent forth a sudden gleam; each crest
Bowed low its plumed pride;
Down o'er the coffin stooped a priest—
But first the monarch cried: 30

"Great king! in youth I made a vow
Earth's mightiest son to greet,
His hand to worship, on his brow
To gaze, his grace entreat.

5 Therefore, though dead, till noontide thou
Shalt fill my royal seat!"

Away the massive lid they rolled—

Alas! what found they there?
No kingly brow, no shapely mould,
10 But dust where such things were;
Ashes o'er ashes, fold on fold,
And one bright wreath of hair.

Genevra's hair! like gold it lay;

For Time, though stern, is just,
15 And humbler things feel last his sway,
And Death reveres his trust.
They touched that wreath: 'it sank away
From sunshine into dust!

Then Henry lifted from his head

20 The Conqueror's iron crown;
That crown upon that dust he laid,
And knelt in reverence down,
And raised both hands to heaven, and said,
"Thou God art King alone!

25 "Lie there, my crown, since God decrees
This head a couch as low.

What am I better now than these

Six hundred years ago?
Henceforth all mortal pageantries
30 I count an idle show."

Such words King Henry spake and, ere
 The cloistral vaults had felt
 Along their arches damp and bare
 The last faint echo melt,
 The nobles congregated there
 On that cold pavement knelt ;

5

And each his coronet down laid
 And Christ his King adored
 And murmured in that mournful shade,
 "Thou God alone art Lord !
 Like yonder hair at last shall fade
 Each sceptre, crown, and sword."

10

—AUBREY DE VERE.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcester of an ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was the inventor of that famous country dance which is called after him. All who know that story are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy, and his being unconfined to

modes and forms makes him but the more capable to please and oblige all who know him.

It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse
5 beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming
10 to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though (his temper being naturally jovial)
15 he at last got over it he grew careless of himself and never dressed afterwards; he continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which in his merry humors he
20 tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house in both town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast
25 in his behaviour that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company.

When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a Justice of the Quorum, that he fills the chair at a quarter session with great abilities, and ⁵ three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week ¹⁰ accompanied him thither and am settled with him for some time at his country-house. I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons: for, as the knight is the best master in the ¹⁵ world, he seldom changes his servants and, as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him. By this means his domestics are all in years and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet de* ²⁰ *chambre* for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy councillor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house- ²⁵ dog and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with. On the contrary, if he coughs or betrays any infirmity of old age it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole

village meet together with their best faces and in their cleanliest habits to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. 5

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular, and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer-Book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard. 10 15 20

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation he keeps them in very good order and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for, if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either 25

wakes them himself or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer, and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees to count the congregation or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend in the midst of the service calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that, the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody

presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how ⁵ such an one's wife or mother or son or father do, whom he does not see at church, which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

THE fondness for rural life among the higher ¹⁰ classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterize the men of ¹⁵ rank in most countries they exhibit an union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air and pursuing so eagerly the in- ²⁰ vigorating recreations of the country. The hardy exercises produce also a healthful tone of mind and spirits and a manliness and simplicity of manners, which even the follies and dissipations of the town cannot easily pervert ²⁵

and can never entirely destroy. In the country, too, the different orders of society seem to approach more freely, to be more disposed to blend and operate favorably upon each other. The distinctions between them do not appear to be so marked and impassable as in the cities. The manner in which property has been distributed into small estates and farms has established a regular gradation from the nobleman through the classes of gentry, small landed proprietors, and substantial farmers, down to the laboring peasantry, and while it has thus banded the extremes of society together has infused into each intermediate rank a spirit of independence. This, it must be confessed, is not so universally the case at present as it was formerly, the larger estates having in late years of distress absorbed the smaller and, in some parts of the country, almost annihilated the sturdy race of small farmers. These, however, I believe are but casual breaks in the general system I have mentioned.

In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough but he cannot be vulgar. The man

of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank and to enter into the honest heart-felt enjoyments of common life. Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together, and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country, and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,—I have lately been informed by the proprietor of *The World* that two papers in which my "Dictionary" is recommended to the public were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship I was overpowered like the rest of mankind by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish
5 that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would
10 suffer me to continue it. When once I had addressed your lordship in public I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could, and no man is well
15 pleased to have his all neglected be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door, during which time I
20 have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such
25 treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water and, when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind, but it has been delayed until I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary and cannot impart it, till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations when no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing to a patron that which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

15

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have long been awakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord,

Your lordship's most humble and obedient
servant, SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

—Longfellow.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

BROADLY considered, his eloquence has never been equalled in modern times, certainly not in English speech. Do you think I am partial? I will vouch John Randolph of Roanoke, the
6 Virginia slave-holder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed, "This is the man, these are the
lips, the most eloquent that speak English in
10 my day!" Nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never since the great Greek has she sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people.

In the first place he had a magnificent
15 presence, impressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. Webster himself hardly outdid him in the majesty of his proportions. His presence filled the eye. There was something majestic in his presence before he spoke,
20 and he added to it what Webster had not—what Clay might have lent—infinite grace, that magnetism that melts all hearts into one.

Then he had a voice that covered the gamut. We used to say of Webster, "This is a
25 great effort"; of Everett, "It is a beautiful effort"; but you never used the word "effort" in speaking of O'Connell. It provoked you

that he would not make an effort. I heard him perhaps a score of times, and I do not think more than three times he ever exerted himself to the full sweep of his ability. His marvellous voice, its almost incredible power and sweetness, Bulwer has well described:

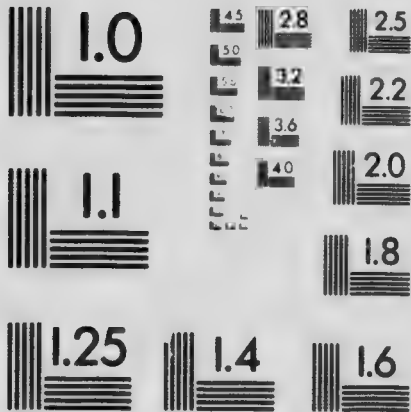
Once to my sight that giant form was given
 Walled by wide air and roofed by boundless heaven.
 Beneath his feet the human ocean lay
 And wave on wave rolled into space away. 10
 Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
 Even to the centre of the hosts around,
 And, as I thought, rose the sonorous swell
 As from some church-tower swings the silvery bell.
 Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide 15
 It glided, easy as a bird may glide;
 Even to the verge of that vast audience sent
 It played with each wild passion as it went
 Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
 And sob or laughter answered as it willed. 20

Webster could awe a senate, Everett could charm a college, and Choate could cheat a jury; Clay could magnetize the million and Corwin lead them captive. O'Connell was Clay, Corwin, Choate, Everett, and Webster in one. 25
 Before the courts he was logical; at the bar of the senate, unanswerable and dignified; on the platform he was wit and pathos; before the masses he was a whole man. Carlyle says, "He is God's own anointed king whose single 30



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word melts all wills into his." This well describes him. Emerson says, "There is no true eloquence unless there is a man behind the speech." Daniel O'Connell was listened to because all England and all Ireland knew that there was a man behind the speech—one who could be neither bought, bullied, nor cheated. He held the masses enthralled but willing subjects in his hand.

10 He owed this power to the courage that met every new question frankly and concealed none of his convictions; to an entireness of devotion that made the people feel he was all their own; to a masterly brain that made them sure they
15 were always safe in his hands. Behind them were ages of bloodshed—every rising had ended at the scaffold. O'Connell said, "Follow me; put your feet where mine have trod, and a sheriff shall never lay hand on your shoulder."
20 And the great lawyer kept his pledge.

Behind O'Connell were over three million people steeped in utter wretchedness, sore with the oppression of centuries, ignored by statute. For thirty restless and turbulent years he stood
25 in front of them and said, "Remember, he that commits a crime helps the enemy." And during that long and fearful struggle I do not remember one of his followers ever being convicted of a political offence, and during this

period crimes of violence were very rare. There is no such record in our history. Neither in classic nor in modern times can the man be produced who held a million of people in his right hand so passive. It was due to the consistency and unity of a character that had hardly a flaw.

I do not forget your soldiers, orators, or poets—any of your leaders. But when I consider O'Connell's personal disinterestedness; his rare brave fidelity to every cause his principles covered no matter how unpopular or how embarrassing to his main purpose; that clear, far-reaching vision and true heart which, on most moral and political questions, set him so much ahead of his time; his eloquence, almost equally effective in the courts, in the senate, and before the masses; that sagacity that set at naught the malignant vigilance of the whole imperial bar watching thirty years for a misstep: when I remember that he invented his tools, and then measure his limited means with his vast success, bearing in mind its nature: when I see the sobriety and moderation with which he used his measureless power, and the lofty generous purpose of his whole life—I am ready to affirm that he was the greatest man the Irish race has ever produced.

—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND.

THAT second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her blood-hounds through the countryside,
5 Breathed hot and instant on my trace.
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
The fire-flies from the roof above
10 Bright creeping through the moss they love :—
How long it seems since Charles was lost !
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight
And, when that peril ceased at night,
15 The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal fires ; well, there I lay
Close covered o'er in my recess
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich our friend
20 And Charles' miserable end,
And much beside, two days ; the third,
Hunger c'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize ; you know
25 With us in Lombardy they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask

To keep the sun's heat from the wine ;
These I let pass in jingling line
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village too ;
For at the very rear would troop 5
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew. When these had passed
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance. She did not start
Much less cry out, but stooped apart, 10
One instant rapidly glanced round
And saw me beckon from the ground :
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt ;
She picked my glove up while she stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest 15
With that. My glove lay in her breast ;
Then I drew breath—they disappeared—
It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown. 20
Meanwhile came many thoughts : on me
Rested the hopes of Italy ;
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when 'twas told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth ; 25
I meant to call a freak of youth
This hiding, and give hopes of pay
And no temptation to betray ;
But when I saw that woman's face—
Its calm simplicity of grace, 30
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood

Planting each naked foot so firm
To crush the snake and spare the worm—
At first sight of her eyes I said,
“I am that man upon whose head
5 They fix the price, because I hate
The Austrians over us; the State
Will give you gold—oh, gold so much!—
If you betray me to their clutch,
And be your death for aught I know
10 If once they find you saved your foe.
Now you must bring me food and drink
And also paper, pen, and ink,
And carry safe what I shall write
To Padua, which you'll reach at night
15 Before the duomo shuts; go in
And wait till Tenebræ begin;
Walk to the third confessional
Between the pillar and the wall
And kneeling whisper, ‘Whence comes peace?’
20 Say it a second time then cease;
And if the voice inside returns,
‘From Christ and Freedom: what concerns
The cause of Peace?’—for answer slip
My letter where you placed your lip;
25 Then come back happy: we have done
Our mother's service—I the son,
As you the daughter, of our land!”
Three mornings more, she took her stand
In the same place with the same eyes;
30 I was no surer of sunrise
Than of her coming. We conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard

She had a lover—stout and tall
She said, then let her eyelids fall:
“He could do much”—as if some doubt
Entered her heart; then, passing out,
“She could not speak for others who 5
Had other thoughts; herself she knew:”
And so she brought me drink and food.
After four days the scouts pursued
Another path; at last arrived
The help my Paduan friends contrived 10
To furnish me—she brought the news.
For the first time I could not choose
But kiss her hand, and lay my own
Upon her head—“This faith was shown
To Italy, our mother; she 15
Uses my hand and blesses thee.”
She followed down to the sea-shore;
I left and never saw her more.
How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—aught 20
Beside the good of Italy
For which I live and mean to die!
I never was in love and, since
Charles proved false, what shall now convince
My inmost heart I have a friend? 25
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say three—
I know at least what one should be:
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil 30
In blood through these two hands. And next—
Nor much for that am I perplexed—

Charles, perjured traitor, for his part
Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers. Last—
Ah! there, what should I wish? For fast
5 Do I grow old and out of strength.
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay—
10 Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used
To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise while some opine
15 "Freedom grows license," some suspect
"Haste breeds delay," and recollect
They always said such premature
Beginnings never could endure!
So with a sullen "All's for best,"
20 The land seems settling on its feet.
I think, then, I should wish to stand
This evening in that dear old land
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
25 With the calm smile; some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt; what harm
If I sat on the door-side bench
And, while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
30 Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims

For each of them. I'd talk this out
 And sit there for an hour about,
 Then kiss her hand once more and lay
 Mine on her head and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
 It steals the time! To business now.

6

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
 "This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."

In the afternoon they came unto a land
 In which it seemed always afternoon. 10

All round the coast the languid air did swoon
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

Full-faced above the valley stood the moon,

[And like a downward smoke the slender stream
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem. 15

- a A land of streams! some like a downward smoke,
- b Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
- a And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke
- b Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
- b They saw the gleaming river seaward flow 20
- c From the inner land; far off three mountain tops—
- b Three silent pinnacles of aged snow—
- c Stood sunset-flush'd and, dew'd with showery drops,
- c Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown 25
 In the red west; thro' mountain clefts the dale

Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
 Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
 And meadow set with slender galingale:
 A land where all things always seem'd the same!
 5 And round about the keel with faces pale,
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem
 Laden with flow'rs and fruit whereof they gave
 10 To each; but whoso did receive of them
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores and, if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin as voices from the grave,
 15 And deep-asleep he seem'd yet all awake,
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
 And sweet it was to dream of fatherland,
 20 Of child and wife and slave; but evermore
 Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said, "We will return no more,"
 And all at once they sang, "Our island home
 25 Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
 Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
 A breath can make them as a breath has made;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed can never be supplied.

—Goldsmith.

ULYSSES.

It little profits that, an idle king
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race
 That hoard and sleep and feed and know not me, 5
 I cannot rest from travel; ~~I will drink~~ →
~~Life to the lees~~; all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly both with those
 That loved me and alone, on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
Vext the dim sea. I am become a name,
 For, always roaming with a hungry heart,
 Much have I seen and known -- cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honor'd of them all— 15
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin ~~is~~
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use! ✕
 As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains; but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire 3

To follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—

- 5 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
10 Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

- There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
15 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd and wrought and thought
with me,

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads--you and I are old;

- 20 Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;

- 25 The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

- Push off and, sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
30 To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles
 And see the great Achilles whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken much abides; and 'o'
 We are not now that strength which in old days 5
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to fin^l, and not to yield.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

VILLAGE CHARACTERS.

NEAR yonder copse where once the garden smiled 10
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
 There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year; 15
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race
 Nor e'er had changed nor wished to change his place;
 Unpractised he to fawn or seek for power
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize, 20
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain:
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast; 25
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there and had his claims allowed;
 The broken soldier kindly bade to stay
 Sat by his fire and talked the night away,

Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won
Pleased with his guests the good man learned to glow
And quite forgot their vices in their woe,
5 Careless their merits or their faults to scan
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call
10 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
15 Beside the bed where parting life was laid
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
20 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace
His looks adorned the venerable place,
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
25 The service past, around the pious man
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
30 Their welfare pleased him and their cares distressed :
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

Low lies that house where nut brown draughts inspiréd,
Where greybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound
And news much older than their ale went round.

5 Imagination fondly stoops to trace

The parlor splendor of that festive place :

The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,

The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,

The chest contrived a double debt to pay—

10 A bed by night a chest of drawers by day,

The pictures placed for ornament and use,

The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose,

The hearth except when winter chilled the day

With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay,

15 While broken teacups wisely kept for show

Ranged o'er the chimney glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors ! could not all

Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?

Obscure it sinks nor shall it more impart

20 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.

Thither no more the peasant shall repair

To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;

No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,

No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;

25 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,

Relax his ponderous strength and lean to hear ;

The host himself no longer shall be found

Careful to see the mantling bliss go round.

— OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind.

—Alfred Tennyson.

THE ANGLER.

IN a morning's stroll along the banks of the Alun, a beautiful little stream which flows down from the Welsh hills and throws itself into the Dee, my attention was attracted to a group seated on the margin. On approaching 5 I found it to consist of a veteran angler and two rustic disciples. The former was an old fellow with a wooden leg, with clothes very much but very carefully patched, betokening poverty honestly come by and decently main-10 tained. His face bore the marks of former storms but present fair weather; its furrows had been worn into a habitual smile; his iron-gray locks hung about his ears, and he had altogether the good-humored air of a constitu-15 tional philosopher who was disposed to take the world as it went.

One of his companions was a ragged wight with the skulking look of an arrant poacher, and I'll warrant could find his way to any 20 gentleman's fish-pond in the neighborhood in the darkest night. The other was a tall awkward country lad, with a lounging gait and apparently somewhat of a rustic beau. The old man was busied examining the maw of a 25 trout which he had just killed, to discover by

its contents what insects were seasonable for bait, and was lecturing on the subject to his companions who appeared to listen with infinite deference.

5 I have a kind feeling toward all "brothers of the angle," ever since I read Izaak Walton. They are men, he affirms, of a "mild, sweet, and peaceable spirit." I thought that I could perceive in the veteran angler before me an
10 exemplification of what I had read, and there was a cheerful contentedness in his looks that quite drew me toward him.

I could not but remark the gallant manner in which he stumped from one part of the
15 brook to another, waving his rod in the air to keep the line from dragging on the ground or catching among the bushes, and the adroitness with which he would throw his fly to any particular place—sometimes skimming it
20 lightly along a little rapid, sometimes casting it into one of those dark holes made by a twisted root or overhanging bank, in which large trout are apt to lurk.

The scene brought to my mind the instructions of the sage Piscator to his scholar. The
25 country around was of that pastoral kind which Walton is fond of describing. It was a part of the great plain of Cheshire, close by the beautiful vale of Gessford and just where

the inferior Welsh hills begin to swell up from among fresh-smelling meadows. The day, too, like that recorded in his work, was mild and sunshiny with now and then a soft dropping shower that sowed the whole earth with diamonds.

I soon fell into conversation with the old angler and was so much entertained that, under pretext of receiving instructions in his art, I kept company with him almost the whole day, wandering along the banks of the stream and listening to his talk. He was very communicative, having all the easy garrulity of cheerful old age, and I fancy was a little flattered by having an opportunity of displaying his piscatory lore: for who does not like now and then to play the sage?

He had been much of a rambler in his day, and had passed some years of his youth in America, particularly in Savannah. He had afterward experienced many ups and downs in life until he got into the navy, where his leg was carried away by a cannon-ball at the battle of Camperdown. This was the only stroke of real good fortune he had ever experienced, for it got him a pension, which together with some small paternal property brought him in a revenue of nearly forty pounds. On this he retired to his native village, where he lived

quietly and independently and devoted the remainder of his life to the "noble art of angling."

I found that he had read Izaak Walton attentively, and he seemed to have imbibed all his simple frankness and prevalent good-humor. Though he had been sorely buffeted about the world he was satisfied that the world in itself was good and beautiful. Though he had been as roughly used in different countries as a poor sheep that is fleeced by every hedge and thicket, yet he spoke of every nation with candor and kindness, appearing to look only on the good side of things.

On parting with the old angler, I inquired after his place of abode, and happening to be in the neighborhood of the village a few evenings afterward I had the curiosity to seek him out. I found him living in a small cottage containing only one room, but a perfect curiosity in its method and arrangement. It was on the skirts of the village, on a green bank a little back from the road, with a small garden in front stocked with kitchen-herbs and adorned with a few flowers. The whole front of the cottage was overrun with a honeysuckle. On the top was a ship for a weathercock. The interior was fitted up in a truly nautical style, his ideas of comfort and con-

venience having been acquired on the berth-deck of a man-of-war.

I found him seated on a bench before the door smoking his pipe in the soft evening sunshine. His cat was purring soberly on the threshold, and his parrot describing some strange evolutions in an iron ring that swung in the centre of his cage. He had been angling all day, and gave me a history of his sport with as much minuteness as a general would talk over a campaign, being particularly animated in relating the manner in which he had taken a large trout, which had completely tasked all his skill and wariness.

How comforting it is to see a cheerful and contented old age and to behold a poor fellow like this, after being tempest-tost through life, safely moored in a snug and quiet harbor in the evening of his days! His happiness, however, sprang from within himself, and was independent of external circumstances, for he had that inextinguishable good-nature which is the most precious gift of Heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.

THE BROOK.

"HERE by this brook we parted, I to the East
 And he for Italy—too late—too late;
 One whom the strong sons of the world despise:
 For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,
 5 And mellow metres more than cent for cent;
 Nor could he understand how money breeds—
 Thought it a dead thing; yet himself could make
 The thing that is not as the thing that is.
 O had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say
 10 Of those that held their heads above the crowd,
 They flourish'd then or then; but life in him
 Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd
 On such a time as goes before the leaf
 When all the wood stands in a mist of green
 15 And nothing perfect; yet the brook he loved,
 For which in branding summers of Bengal
 Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air
 I panted, seems as I re-listen to it
 Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy
 20 To me that lov'd him; for 'O brook,' he says,
 'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,
 'Whence come you?' and the brook, why not? replies:

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally
 25 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 30 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

"Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out
 Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,
 It has more ivy; there the river, and there
 Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

"But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird; •
 Old Philip: all about the fields you caught
 His weary daylong chirping like the dry
 High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me as I travel
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

- 5 "O darling Katie Willows, his one child!
 A maiden of our century, yet most meek;
 A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;
 Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand;
 Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
- 10 In gloss and hue the chestnut when the shell
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within.
 "Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,
 Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,
 James Willows, of one name and heart with her.
- 15 For here I came twenty years back--the week
 Before I parted with poor Edmund--crost
 By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,
 Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam
 Beyond it where the waters marry--crost
- 20 Whistling a random bar of 'Bonny Doon,'
 And push'd at Philip's garden-gate. The gate,
 Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,
 Stuck; and he clamour'd from a casement 'Run,'
 To Katie somewhere in the walks below--
- 25 'Run, Katie!' Katie never ran; she moved
 To meet me winding under woodbine bowers,
 A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,
 Fresh apple-blossom blushing for a boon.
 "What was it? less of sentiment than sense
 Had Katie; not illiterate; nor of those
 Who, dabbling in the fount of fictive tears
 And nursed by mealy-mouthed philanthropies,

Divorce the feeling from her mate the deed.
She told me. She and James had quarrell'd. Why?
What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;
James had no cause; but when I prest the cause
I learnt that James had flickering jealousies 5
Which anger'd her. 'Who anger'd James?' I said.
But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine
And, sketching with her slender pointed foot
Some figure like a wizard's pentagram
On garden gravel, let my query pass 10
Unclaim'd in flushing silence, till I ask'd
If James were coming. 'Coming every day.'
She answer'd, 'ever longing to explain,
But evermore her father came across
With some long-winded tale and broke him short, 15
And James departed vext with him and her.'
How could I help her? 'Would I - was it wrong?'
(Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
'O would I take her father for one hour, 20
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!'
And even while she spoke I saw where James
Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
Beyond the brook waist-deep in meadow sweet.
"O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake! 25
For in I went and call'd old Philip out
To show the farm; full willingly he rose;
He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes
Of his wheat-suburb babbling as he went.
He praised his land, his horses, his machines; 30
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs;
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;

- His pigeons who in session on their roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts;
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each
6 And naming those, his friends, for whom they were;
Then crost the common into Darnley Chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
10 He pointed out a pasturing colt and said,
'That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.'
And there he told a long long-winded tale
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,
And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd,
15 And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
To learn the price and what the price he ask'd,
And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;
He gave them line, and five days after that
20 He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,
Who then and there had offered something more,
But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;
He knew the man; the colt would fetch its price;
He gave them line; and how by chance at last
25 (It might be May or April, he forgot,
The last of April or the first of May)
He found the bailiff riding by the farm
And, talking from the point, he drew him in
And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale
30 Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.
"Then while I breathed in sight of haven he,
Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced

THE BROOK.

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And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,
 Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,
 Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,
 Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest
 Till, not to die a listener, I arose 6
 And with me Philip talking still; and so
 We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun
 And, follow ; our own shadows thrice as long
 As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,
 Arrived and found the sun of sweet content 10
 Re-risen in Katie's eyes and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers ;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers. 15

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
 Among my skimming swallows ;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses ;
 I linger by my shingly bars ;
 I loiter round my cresses ; 20

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river, 25
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

"Yes, men may come and go ; and these are gone,
 All gone. My dearest brother Edmund sleeps,
 Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire, 30
 But unfamiliar Arno and the dome
 Of Brnelleschi : sleeps in peace ; and he,

Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb;
I scraped the lichen from it. Katie walks
By the long wash of Australasian seas
5 Far off and holds her head to other stars
And breathes in converse seasons. All are gone."

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile
In the long hedge and rolling in his mind
Old waifs of rhyme and bowing o'er the brook
10 A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,
Mused and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings,
And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,
15 Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
On eyes a bashful azure and on hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within:
Then wondering ask'd her, "Are you from the farm?"
20 "Yes," answered she. "Pray stay a little: pardon me;
What do they call you?" "Katie." "That were strange.
What surname?" "Willows." "No." "That is my name."
"Indeed!" and here he look'd so self-perplexed
That Katie laugh'd and laughing blush'd till he
25 Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
Then looking at her: "Too happy, fresh, and fair,
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your name
30 About these meadows twenty years ago."

"Have you not heard?" said Katie, "we came back.
We bought the farm we tenanted before.

Am I so like her? so they said on board.
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
My mother, as it seems you did—the days
That most she loves to talk of—come with me.
My brother James is in the harvest-field:
But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!"

5

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

IN the olden times a king ordered a *fete* in commemoration of the birth of his exquisitely beautiful daughter. He invited not only friends and relations but wise women who, he hoped, would favor the child and endow her with precious gifts. There were thirteen wise women in his realm, but, because he had only twelve gold plates for them to eat off, one of the thirteen had to stay at home.

15

The *fete* was celebrated with the greatest splendor and, when it was over, the wise women presented the child with their magic gifts. The first gave her virtue; the second, beauty; the third, riches, and so on till she had nearly all the heart of a human being can desire. But, just as the eleventh had made her presentation, the thirteenth suddenly burst in. She wanted to be revenged for not being invited to the banquet and, without greeting or looking at

25

any one, she proclaimed in a loud voice, "The princess shall in her fifteenth year die from the prick of a spindle." Without speaking another word she turned and left the hall. Every one
5 was shocked; then the twelfth wise woman, who still had her wish to give, stepped forward and, because she was powerless to cancel the sentence of the thirteenth but could only modify it, she said, "The princess shall not die from
10 the injury but fall asleep for a hundred years."

The king, who was anxious to guard his beloved child from the predicted misfortune, ordered every spinning-wheel in his kingdom to be burnt. But the promises of the other
15 wise women were fulfilled to the letter for the young princess grew up gifted with beauty, goodness, courtesy, grace, and intelligence to such a degree that every one who came near her adored her.

20 It happened that on her fifteenth birthday the princess was alone in the castle because the king and queen were obliged to leave her and go on a journey. The girl amused herself by running about in the corridors and rooms
25 and exploring all sorts of out-of-the-way corners. At last she came to a small ancient tower. She climbed the winding staircase and found herself in front of a little door. There was a rusty key in the lock and, directly she turned

it the door sprang open, and there in a tiny room sat an aged dame before a spinning-wheel, spinning her flax industriously.

"Good-day, old motherkin," said the princess, "what are you doing?"

"I am spinning," replied the old woman, and nodded her head.

"What is that thing called that goes round so merrily?" asked the princess, and she took hold of the spinning-wheel to see if she could spin too. Scarcely had she touched it when the spindle pricked her finger, and at the very same instant she sank on the couch behind her in a profound slumber, and this slumber spread over the whole castle. The king and the queen, who had just come home, fell fast asleep in the hall and the whole court followed suit. The horses in the stable slept, the dogs in the kennel, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall; yes, and even the fire that had been flickering on the hearth stood still and went to sleep. The roast on the spit stopped crackling, and the cook, who was in the act of pulling the scullion's hair because he had forgotten something, let him go and they both slept, and the wind slumbered in the trees round the castle, and not a leaf stirred.

But encircling the castle there grew up a hedge of thorn, and it grew and grew till it

was so thick and high it hid the castle completely from view, even the flag on the top of the highest tower. The legend went abroad in the land that a beautiful princess slept behind
5 the thorn-hedge, and now and again a prince would come and try to cut his way through it into the castle. But no one ever seemed able to accomplish the feat. The thorns, as if they were fingers, caught hold of the youths and
10 gripped them fast, so that they could not get away and were obliged to hang there and perish miserably.

After many years a prince while travelling in the country heard the story of the thorn-
15 hedge from an old man, and how a castle stood behind it, and in the castle lay a lovely princess called Thorn-Rose, who had been sleeping for a hundred years, and the king and queen and all the courtiers with her. The old
20 man had heard from his grandfather that many royal youths had tried to penetrate the thorn-hedge, but remained hanging there and so died a lamentable death.

The foreign prince said, "I am not afraid.
25 I will start at once and see this sleeping beauty." It was in vain that the old man prayed him not to go; he was determined and would not heed his warning.

It was the day on which the hundred years

had expired and the Princess Thorn-Rose was to wake up again. When the prince arrived at the notorious thorn-hedge there were no thorns, but only beautiful big flowers that parted of their own accord and let him go through unhurt and then closed up again. In the castle-yard he saw the horses and the great deerhounds lying asleep, and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads tucked under their wings. On entering into the house there were the flies sleeping on the wall, the cook in the kitchen with his hand outstretched as if he would seize hold of the scullion's hair, and the cook-maid standing asleep before a black hen which she had been in the act of plucking.

The prince went on into the great hall and saw the king and queen asleep at the foot of their throne and all the courtiers lying about asleep on the chairs and sofas. Then he went on still further and the silence was so profound that his own breathing could be heard distinctly. At last he came to the old tower and opened the door of the little room in which the Princess Thorn-Rose slept. She lay there looking so lovely that he could not take his eyes off her and he bent down and gave her a kiss.

At the touch of his lips Thorn-Rose's lids quivered; then she opened her eyes and looked

at him with a friendly smile. Together they went downstairs and the king and queen awoke, and the whole court, and stared at them in wonder. The horses in the yard got up and
5 champed; the sporting-dogs shook themselves and wagged their tails; the pigeons shook their heads from under their wings, looked about, and then flew away to the fields; the flies crawled a little further up the wall; the fire in
10 the kitchen grate leapt up in flames and cooked the dinner; the meat on the spit began to splutter again; the cook gave the boy such a box on the ear that he howled, and the cook-maid went on plucking the fowl with a will.
15 Not long afterwards the marriage of the prince with his princess Thorn-Rose came off amidst great festivities, and they lived happily together for the rest of their lives.

—THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

THE varying year with blade and sheaf
20 Clothes and re-clothes the happy plains;
Here rests the sap within the leaf,
Here stays the blood along the veins.
Faint shadows, vapors lightly curl'd,
Faint murmurs from the meadows come,
25 Like hints and echoes of the world
To spirits folded in the womb.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns
On every slanting terrace-lawn.
The fountain to his place returns
Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.
Here droops the banner on the tower,
On the hall-hearths the festal fires,
The peacock in his laurel bower,
The parrot in his gilded wires.

5

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs :
In these, in those the life is stay'd.
The mantles from the golden pegs
Droop sleepily ; no sound is made
Not even of a gnat that sings.
More like a picture seemeth all
Than those old portraits of old kings
That watch the sleepers from the wall.

10

15

Here sits the butler with a flask
Between his knees, half-drain'd ; and there
The wrinkled steward at his task ;
The maid of honor blooming fair :
The page has caught her hand in his,
Her lips are sever'd as to speak,
His own are pouted to a kiss,
The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

20

Till all the hundred summers pass,
The beams that through the oriel shine
Make prisms in every carven glass
And beaker brimm'd with noble wine.
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
Grave faces gather'd in a ring.

25

30

His state the king reposing keeps,
He must have been a jovial king.

All round a hedge upshoots and shows
At distance like a little wood:
5 Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,
And grapes with bunches red as blood,
All creeping plants, a wall of green
Close-matted, bur and brake and briar
And, glimpsing over these just seen
10 High up, the topmost palace spire.

When will the hundred summers die
And thought and time be born again,
And newer knowledge drawing nigh
Bring truth that sways the soul of men?
15 Here all things in their place remain
As all were order'd ages since.
Come, care and pleasure, hope and pain,
And bring the fated fairy prince.

YEAR after year unto her feet,
20 She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purple coverlet
The maiden's jet-black hair has grown
On either side her tranced form
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl;
25 The slumbrous light is rich and warm
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broider'd coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth mould

Languidly ever; and, amid

Her full black ringlets downward roll'd,
Glow's forth each softly-shadow'd arm

With bracelets of the diamond bright:

Her constant beauty doth inform

Stillness with love and day with light.

She sleeps; her breathings are not heard

In palace chambers far apart.

The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd

That lie upon her charmed heart.

She sleeps; on either hand upswells

The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest;

She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells

A perfect form in perfect rest.

ALL precious things, discover'd late,

To those that seek them issue forth;

For love in sequel works with fate

And draws the veil from hidden worth.

He travels far from other skies

His mantle glitters on the rocks—

A fairy prince with joyful eyes

And lighter-footed than the fox.

The bodies and the bones of those

That strove in other days to pass

Are wither'd in the thorny close

Or scatter'd blanching on the grass.

He gazes on the silent dead:

"They perish'd in their daring deeds."

This proverb flashes thro' his head:

"The many fail, the one succeeds."

He comes scarce knowing what he seeks;

He breaks the hedge; he enters there;
The color flies into his cheeks:

He trusts to light on something fair;
For all his life the charm did talk

About his path and hover near
With words of promise in his walk
And whisper'd voices at his ear.

More close and close his footsteps wind;
The magic music in his heart

Beats quick and quicker till he find
The quiet chamber far apart.

His spirit flutters like a lark,

He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee:
“Love, if thy tresses be so dark,

How dark those hidden eyes must be!”

A TOUCH, a kiss! the charm was snapt;

There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,

And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;
A fuller light illumined all,

A breeze thro' all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,

And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,

The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd,
The fire shot up, the martin flew,

The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd,

The maid and page renew'd their strife,
The palace bang'd and buzz'd and clackt,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dash'd downward in a cataract.

And last with these the king awoke
And in his chair himself uprear'd
And yawn'd and rubb'd his face and spoke :
" By holy rood, a royal beard !
How say you? we have slept, my lords ;
My beard has grown into my lap." 10
The barons swore with many words
'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

" Pardy," return'd the king, " but still
My joints are somewhat stiff or so.
My lord, and shall we pass the bill 15
I mention'd half an hour ago?"
The chancellor, sedate and vain,
In courteous words return'd reply,
But dallied with his golden chain,
And smiling put the question by. 20

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old—
Across the hills and far away 25
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him.

" I'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss "; 30

"O wake for ever, love," she hears,
"O love, 'twas such as this and this."
And o'er them many a sliding star
And many a merry wind was borne
6 And, stream'd thro' many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long hid in happy sleep!"
"O happy sleep that lightly fled!"
"O happy kiss that woke thy sleep!"
10 "O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoy'd the crescent-bark
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

16 "A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where?"
"O seek my father's court with me
For there are greater wonders there"
And o'er the hills and far away
20 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

"When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, books only retain their steady value. When friends grow cold, and the converse of intimates languishes into vapid civility and common-place, these only continue the unaltered countenances of happier days, and cheer us with that true friendship which never deceived hope nor deserted sorrow."

—Washington Irving.

THE FAIRIES.

Do you wonder where the fairies are

That folks declare have vanish'd?

They're very near yet very far.

But neither dead nor banish'd.

They live in the same green world to-day

8

As in by-gone ages olden,

And you enter by the ancient way,

Thro' an ivory gate and golden.

It's the land of dreams; oh! fair and bright

That land to many a rover,

10

But the heart must be pure and the conscience light

That would cross its threshold over.

The worldly man for its joys may yearn

When pride and pomp embolden,

But never for him do the hinges turn

15

Of the ivory gate and golden:

While the innocent child with eyes undim

As the sky in its blueness o'er him

Has only to touch the portal's rim,

And it opens wide before him.

20

Some night when the sun in darkness dips

We'll seek the dreamland olden,

And you shall touch with your finger tips

The ivory gate and golden.

-THOMAS WESTWOOD.

LORD CLIVE.

SOME lineaments of the character of the man were early discerned in the child. There remain letters written by his relations when he was in his seventh year, and from these letters it appears that even at that early age his strong will and his fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind, had begun to cause great uneasiness to his family. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness that he flies out on every trifling occasion." The old people of the neighborhood still remember to have heard from their parents how "Bob" Clive climbed to the top of a lofty steeple and with what terror the inhabitants saw him seated on a stone spout near the summit. They also relate how he formed all the idle lads of the town into a kind of predatory army and compelled the shopkeepers to submit to a tribute of apples and halfpence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the security of their windows.

He was sent from school to school, making very little progress in his learning and gaining

for himself everywhere the character of an exceedingly naughty boy. One of his masters, it is said, was sagacious enough to prophesy that the idle lad would make a great figure in the world. But the general opinion seems to have been that poor Robert was a dunce if not a reprobate. His family expected nothing good from such slender parts and such a headstrong temper. It is not strange, therefore, that they gladly accepted for him, when he was in his¹⁰ eighteenth year, a writership in the service of the East India Company, and shipped him off to make a fortune or to die of a fever at Madras.

Far different were the prospects of Clive¹⁵ from those of the youths whom the East India College now annually sends to the Presidencies of our Asiatic empire. The Company was then purely a trading corporation. Its territory consisted of a few square miles for which rent²⁰ was paid to the native governments. Its troops were scarcely numerous enough to man the batteries of three or four ill-constructed forts which had been erected for the protection of the warehouses. The natives, who com-²⁵posed a considerable part of these little garrisons, had not yet been trained in the discipline of Europe and were armed, some with swords and shields, some with bows and

arrows. The business of the servant of the Company was not, as now, to conduct the judicial, financial, and diplomatic business of a great country, but to take stock, to make advances to weavers, to ship cargoes, and above all to keep an eye on private traders who dared to infringe the monopoly. The younger clerks were so miserably paid that they could scarcely subsist without incurring debt, the elder enriched themselves by trading on their own account, and those who lived to rise to the top of the service often accumulated considerable fortunes.

Madras, to which Clive had been appointed, was at this time perhaps the first in importance of the Company's settlements. In the preceding century Fort St. George had risen on a barren spot beaten by a raging surf; and in the neighborhood a town inhabited by many thousands of natives had sprung up, as towns spring up in the East, with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd. There were already in the suburbs many white villas, each surrounded by its garden, whither the wealthy agents of the Company retired after the labors of the desk and the warehouse to enjoy the cool breeze which springs up at sunset from the Bay of Bengal. The habits of these mercantile grandees appear to have been

more profuse, luxurious, and ostentatious than those of the high judicial and political functionaries who have succeeded them. But comfort was far less understood. Many devices

which now mitigate the heat of the climate, to preserve health, and prolong life were unknown. There was far less intercourse with Europe than at present. The voyage by the Cape, which in our time has often been performed within three months, was then very seldom accomplished in six, and sometimes protracted to more than a year. Consequently, the Anglo-Indian was then much more estranged from his country, much more addicted to Oriental usages, and much less fitted to mix in society after his return to Europe than the Anglo-Indian of the present day.

Clive's voyage was unusually tedious even for that age. The ship remained some months at the Brazils, where the young adventurer picked up some knowledge of Portuguese and spent all his pocket-money. He did not arrive in India till more than a year after he had left England. His situation at Madras was most painful. His funds were exhausted. His pay was small. He had contracted debts. He was wretchedly lodged, no small calamity in a climate which can be made tolerable to an European only by spacious and well-placed

apartments. He had been furnished with letters of recommendation to a gentleman who might have assisted him, but when he landed at Fort St. George he found that this gentleman had sailed for England. The lad's shy and haughty disposition withheld him from introducing himself to strangers. He was several months in India before he became acquainted with a single family. The climate affected his health and spirits. His duties were of a kind ill suited to his ardent and daring character. He pined for his home, and his letters to his relations expressed his feelings in language softer and more pensive than we should have expected either from the waywardness of his boyhood or from the inflexible sternness of his later years.

One solace he found of the most respectable kind. The Governor possessed a good library, and permitted Clive to have access to it. The young man devoted much of his leisure to reading and acquired at this time almost all the knowledge of books that he ever possessed. As a boy he had been too idle, as a man he soon became too busy, for literary pursuit.

But neither climate nor poverty, neither study nor the sorrows of a home-sick exile could tame the desperate audacity of his spirit. He behaved to his official superiors as he had

behaved to his school-masters, and was several times in danger of losing his situation. Twice while residing in the Writers' Building he attempted to destroy himself, and twice the pistol which he snapped at his own head failed to go off. This circumstance, it is said, affected him as a similar escape affected Wallenstein. After satisfying himself that the pistol was really well loaded he burst forth into an exclamation that surely he was reserved for something great.

About this time an event which at first seemed likely to destroy all his hopes in life suddenly opened before him a new path to eminence. In the course of the war of the Austrian succession, during which Britain and France were on opposite sides, the town of Madras was captured by a French expedition from Mauritius and held for some months by Dupleix, governor of the neighboring settlement of Pondicherry. The Company's possessions were restored at the conclusion of peace between the two nations in Europe, but hostilities were speedily renewed between the English and French traders. In the course of the civil wars which followed the deaths of the Great Mogul of India and the Nizam of the Deccan in 1748, Dupleix succeeded in making French influence all but supreme over

southern India, defeating and expelling the native princes who were friendly to the English. The latter recognized Mahommed Ali as Nabob of the Carnatic, but he was besieged by Indian forces and their French auxiliaries in Trichinopoly, which was in imminent danger of capture. Clive, who was now twenty-five years old, persuaded his superiors at Madras to allow him to create a diversion by attacking Arcot, the favorite residence of the Nabobs, and he was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers and three hundred Sepoys to carry out his plan. The weather was stormy, but Clive pushed on through thunder, lightning, and rain to the gates of the city. The garrison in a panic evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.

But Clive knew well that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison which had fled at his approach had now recovered from its dismay, and having been swollen by large reinforcements from the neighborhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night he marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers,

dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

Intelligence of these events was soon carried to the besiegers of Trichinopoly. Four thousand men were detached from their camp and sent to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered, by two thousand other Indian troops, and by a hundred and fifty French soldiers sent by Dupleix from Pondicherry, the whole army amounting to about ten thousand men. The fort of Arcot seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred and fifty Sepoys. Only four officers were left; the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so discouraging was a young man of five-and-twenty who had been bred a book-keeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence with a firmness, vigilance, and ability which would have done honor to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however,

increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination, and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, color, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Caesar or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The Sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the Government of Madras to relieve the place failed. The fame of the defence, however, aroused to activity a body of six thousand Mahrattas, who had been hired to assist Mahommed Ali but had been deterred by the apparent invincibility of the French troops. The besiegers determined to carry the fort by storm before the arrival of these reinforcements. Clive had received secret intelli-

gence of the design, had made arrangements, and exhausted by fatigue had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket balls than they turned round and rushed furiously away trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry the assailants mounted with great boldness, but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well directed that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost

only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke the enemy were no more to be seen. As the result of a succession of victories the power of Britain continued slowly but steadily to increase, and that of France to decline.

After a sojourn of two years in England Clive returned to Madras, and a few months later the political condition of Bengal made British intervention there a necessity. The Company had built Fort William to protect a trading post where the city of Calcutta now stands. On the death of the virtually independent viceroy of Bengal in 1756, the sovereignty descended to his grandson, a youth under twenty years of age, who bore the name of Surajah Dowlah. Oriental despots are perhaps the worst class of human beings, and this unhappy boy was one of the worst specimens of his class. From a child he had hated the English, and he had formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without special permission. A rich native whom he longed to plunder had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such

grounds as those Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William. The servants of the Company in Bengal, unlike those at Madras, had not been forced to become statesmen and soldiers. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance, and a great number of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. Many of them died while imprisoned during an intensely hot midsummer night in the small ill-ventilated drudgeon which is known to history under the name of the "Black Hole." Surajah Dowlah placed a garrison in Fort William and forbade Englishmen to dwell in the neighborhood.

In August the news of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras and excited the fiercest and bitterest resentment. A combined military and naval expedition was promptly undertaken, Clive being at the head of the land forces. Nine hundred English infantry, fine troops and full of spirit, and fifteen hundred Sepoys composed the army which sailed to punish a prince who had more subjects than Lewis the Fifteenth or the Empress Maria Theresa. Surajah Dowlah after a brief delay offered to restore the Company's factory and to give compensation to those whom he had despoiled. Peace was no sooner concluded, however, than he formed new designs against the English and

invited the French from the Deccan to drive them out of Bengal. His intrigues were known to Clive who, aided by Admiral Watson, promptly attacked and captured the French fort with the military stores and nearly five hundred European prisoners.

After some time spent in fruitless negotiations with the Nabob and in fomenting among his officials a conspiracy against him, Clive suddenly put his troops in motion and wrote a letter in which he announced that, as the rains were about to set in, he and his men would do themselves the honor of waiting on his Highness for an answer. The latter instantly assembled his whole force and marched to encounter the English. The cowardly delay of the chief Indian conspirator in carrying out his agreement put Clive in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate, and, whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents and in the valor and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return.

On this occasion, for the first and last time,

his dauntless spirit during a few hours shrunk from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting, and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that if he had taken the advice of that council the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarce had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to hazard and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed, and at the close of a toilsome day's march the army long after sunset took up its quarters in a grove of mango trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep: he heard through the whole night the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk when he reflected against what odds and for what a prize he was in a few hours to contend.

The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely

any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valor. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable wagons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of near sixty thousand men and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

—THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE DEATH OF WELLINGTON.

BURY the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall, 5
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar,
Let the sound of those he wrought for 10
And the feet of those he fought for
Echo round his bones for evermore.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow
As fits an universal woe
Let the long procession go, 15
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow:
The last great Englishman is low.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the past. 20
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute.
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute, 25
Whole in himself, a common good.

- Mourn for the man of amplest influence
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
5 Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
10 O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
15 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great world-victor's victor will be seen no more.

- Who is he that cometh like an honor'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with
priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
20 Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now to the roll of muffled drums
25 To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O give him welcome, this is he
30 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,

And worthy to be laid by thee ;
 For this is England's greatest son,
 He that gain'd a hundred fights
 Nor ever lost an English gun.

And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full accord,

A people's voice,

The proof and echo of all human fame,

A people's voice, when they rejoice

At civic revel and pomp and game,

Attest their great commander's claim

With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,

Eternal honor to his name.

A people's voice! we are a people yet.

Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,

Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers:

Thank Him who isled us here and roughly set

His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,

We have a voice with which to pay the debt

Of boundless love and reverence and regret

To those great men who fought and kept it ours

And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;

† O statesmen guard us, guard the eye, the soul

Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,

And save the one true seed of freedom sown

Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,

That sober freedom out of which there springs

Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;

For, saving that, ye help to save mankind

Till public wrong be crumbled into dust

And drill the raw world for the march of mind

Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
 Remember him who led your hosts ;
 He bad you guard the sacred coasts.

- 5 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 For ever and, whatever tempests lour,
 For ever silent : even if they broke
 In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
 10 He spoke among you and the man who spoke ;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ;
 Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;
 15 Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
 Who never spoke against a foe ;
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
 All great self-seekers trampling on the right ;
 20 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named :
 Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
 Whatever record leap to light
 He never shall be shamed.

- Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
 25 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
 He on whom from both her open hands
 Lavish Honor shower'd all her stars
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
 30 Yea let all good things await
 Him who cares not to be great

But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory ;
He that walks it only thirsting
For the right and learns to deaden 5
Love of self, before his journey closes
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples which out-redden
All voluptuous garden roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story 10
The path of duty was the way to glory ;
He that, ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward and prevail'd, 15
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he : his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure 20
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory ; 25
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame, 30
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him
Eternal honor to his name.

- Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see :
Peace, it is a day of pain
5 For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung :
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight, and fate of Europe hung.
10 More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this one great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere ;
We revere and we refrain
15 From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane ;
We revere and, while we hear
20 The tides of music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
25 Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will ;
30 Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers
And other forms of life than ours,

What know we greater than the soul?
On God and God-like men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears;
The dark crowd moves and there are sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns, the mortal disappears; 5
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great:
Gone—but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him 10
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down, 15
And in the vast cathedral leave him
God accept him, Christ receive him.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates that, if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further by implying that the hardships or mis-25 fortunes that we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks and seated in my elbow-chair I insensibly fell asleep, when on a sudden methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying-glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her look. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another after a great deal of puffing threw down his luggage which, upon examining, I found to be his wife. There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it, but after a few faint efforts shook their heads and marched away as heavy-laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries.

There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which
5 was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made that there was not a
10 single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties. I took
15 notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came laden with his crimes, but upon searching into his bundle I found that instead of throwing his guilt from him he had only laid down his memory. He
20 was followed by another worthless rogue who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion seeing me an idle
25 spectator of what passed approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying-glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it but was startled at the shortness of it, which now

appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length. I believe the very chin was modestly speaking as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves, and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

15

I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows, though at the same time, as we stood round the heap and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction and to return to his habitation with

any such other bundle as should be delivered to him. Upon this Fancy began again to bestir herself and, parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion I shall communicate to the public.

10 A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth in less
15 than a quarter of an hour pulled the old gentleman by the beard and had like to have knocked his brains out, so that, meeting the true father who came towards him in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again
20 and give him back his colic, but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave who had thrown down his chains took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces
25 that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made—for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation. But on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with. Whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face but he made such a grotesque figure in it that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule that I found he was ashamed of what he had done. On the other side I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my fore-

head I missed the place and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand
5 about my face and aiming at some other part of it.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure
10 of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads with a
15 design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her
20 stead a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven and fixed them on Jupiter. Her name was
25 Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part
30 big as it was before. She afterwards

returned every man his own proper calamity and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

DISCONTENT.

“WHENCE is't, Mæcenas, that so few approve
 The state they're placed in and incline to rove,
 Whether against their will by fate imposed
 Or by consent and prudent choice espoused? 20
 Happy the merchant! the old soldier cries,
 Broke with fatigues and warlike enterprise.
 The merchant, when the dreaded hurricane
 Tosses his wealthy cargo on the main,
 Applauds the wars and toils of a campaign: 25
 'There an engagement soon decides your doom,

Bravely to die or come victorious home.'
 The lawyer vows the farmer's life is best
 When at the dawn the clients break his rest.
 The farmer, having put in bail t'appear
 5 And forced to town, cries 'they are happiest there.'
 With thousands more of this inconstant race
 Would tire e'en Fabius to relate each case.
 Not to detain you any longer, pray attend
 The issue of all this: Should Jove descend
 10 And grant to every man his rash demand
 To run his lengths with a neglectful hand:
 First, grant the harassed warrior a release,
 Bid him to trade and try the faithless seas
 To purchase treasure and declining ease;
 15 Next call the pleader from his learned strife
 To the calm blessings of a country life;
 And with these separate demands dismiss
 Each suppliant to enjoy the promised bliss:
 Don't you believe they'd run! Not one will move,
 20 Though proffered to be happy from above."

—HORACE (*tr.* Horneek).

CONTENTMENT.

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;
 I only wish a hut of stone
 (A very plain brown stone will do)
 That I may call my own,
 25 And close at hand is such a one
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;
If nature can subsist on three,
Thank heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice: 5
My choice would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;
Give me a mortgage here and there,
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share; 10
I only ask that fortune send
A little more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, perhaps, be Plenipo— 15
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things; 20
One good-sized diamond in a pin,
Some not so large in rings,
A ruby and a pearl or so,
Will do for me: I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire 25
(Good heavy silks are never dear);
I own perhaps I might desire
Some shawls of true cashmere,
Some marrowy crapes of China silk
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk. 30

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;
5 Perhaps for just a single spurt
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four,
I love so much their style and tone;
10 One Turner, and no more
(A landscape—foreground golden dirt,
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few—some fifty score
For daily use and bound for wear,
15 The rest upon an upper floor;
Some little luxury there
Of red morocco's gilded gleam
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems—such things as these,
20 Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride;
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
25 Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;
Shall not carv'd tables serve my turn,
But all must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share,
30 I ask but one recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
 Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
 If heaven more generous gifts deny
 I shall not miss them much—
 Too grateful for the blessing lent
 Of simple tastes and mind content.

5

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

PEACE OF MIND.

My minde to me a kingdome is;
 Such perfect joy therein I finde
 As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
 That God or nature Lath assignde;
 Though much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

10

Content I live; this is my stay,
 I seek no more than may suffice;
 I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
 Look, what I lack my minde supplies.
 Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my minde doth bring.

15

I see how plentie surfets oft
 And hastie clymbers soonest fall;
 I see that such as sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all:
 These get with toile and keep with feare;
 Such cares my minde could never beare.

20

No princely pompe nor welthie store,
 No force to winne the victorie,
 No wylie wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to winne a lovers eye:
 5 To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
 For why, my minde dispiseth all.

Some have too much yet still they crave,
 I little have yet seek no more;
 They are but poore tho' much they have,
 10 And I am rich with little store;
 They poore, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at anothers losse,
 I grudge not at anothers gaine,
 15 No worldly wave my minde can tosse,
 I brooke that is anothers bane;
 I feare no foe nor fawne on friend;
 I loth not life nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss;
 20 I weigh not Cresus wealth a straw;
 For care, I care not what it is;
 I feare no fortunes fatall law;
 My minde is such as may not move
 For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
 25 I wander not to seeke for more;
 I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
 In greatest storms I sitte on shore
 And laugh at them that toile in vaine
 30 To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill ;
 I feigne not love where most I hate ;
 I breake no sleepe to winne my will ;
 I wayte not at the mighties gate.
 I scorne no poore, I feare no rich ;
 I feele no want, nor have too much.

5

The court ne cart, I like ne loath ,
 Extremes are counted worst of all ;
 The golden meane betwixt them both
 Doth surest sit and fears no fall ;
 This is my choyce, for why I finde
 No welth is like a quiet minde.

10

My welth is health and perfect ease ;
 My conscience clere my chiefe defence ;
 I never seeke by brybes to please
 Nor by desert to give offence.
 Thus do I live, thus will I die :
 Would all did so as well as I !

15

Some weigh their pleasures by their lust,
 Their wisdom by their range of will ;
 Their treasure is their only trust,
 Their clokéd-craft their store of skill ;
 But all the pleasure that I finde
 Is to maintain a quiet minde.

20

—SIR EDWARD BAKER.

“Nothing is denied to well-directed labor.”

—Reynolds.

“He who loveth a book will never want a friend, a whole-
 some counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter.”

—Barrow.

THE CHANGED CROSS.

IT was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife
And all the needful discipline of life.

5 And, while I thought on these as given to me
My trial test of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

10 And thus, no longer trusting to His might
Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by sight,"
Doubting and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose—My cross I cannot bear:

15 Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see.
Oh! if I might another burden choose
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

20 A solemn silence reigned on all around;
E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,
One to whom all the others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me as I trembling lay
And, "Follow me!" He said; "I am the Way."

Then speaking thus He led me far above, 5
And there beneath a canopy of love
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold,
A little one with jewels set in gold. 10
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear:

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see, 15
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;
But one by one I passed them slowly by
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye. 20

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined.
Wondering I gazed and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see 25
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair!
Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around—
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping I laid each heavy burden down
As my Guide gently said, "No cross, no crown."

5 At length to Him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart.
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in me;
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then with lightened eyes and willing feet
10 Again I turned my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps turning not aside
For fear some hidden evil might betide;

And there—in the prepared appointed way,
Listening to hear and ready to obey,
15 A cross I quickly found of plainest form
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,
The only one of all the many there
20 That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest,
And as I bent my burden to sustain
I recognized my own old cross again.

25 But oh! how different did it seem to be
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah no! henceforth my own desire shall be
That He who knows me best should choose for me;
And so, whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best because He knows the end.

—ANONYMOUS.

CANADA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

ONE argument, but not a strong one, has been used against this confederation, that it is an advance towards independence. Some are apprehensive that the very fact of our forming this union shall hasten the time when we shall be severed from the mother country. I have no apprehension of that kind. I believe it will have a contrary effect. I believe that, as we grow stronger, as it is felt in England that we have become a people able from our union our strength our population and the development of our resources to take our position among the nations of the world, she will be less willing to part with us than she would be now when we are broken up into a number of insignificant colonies, subject to attack piece-meal, without any concerted action or common organization of defence.

I am strongly of opinion that, year by year as we grow in population and strength, England

will see more clearly the advantages of maintaining the alliance between British North America and herself. Does any one imagine that, when our population instead of three and a-half will be seven millions, as it will be ere many years pass, we would be one whit more willing than now to sever the connection with England? Would not those seven millions be just as anxious to maintain their allegiance to the Queen and their connection with the mother country as we are now? I believe the people of Canada, East and West, to be truly loyal. But if they can by possibility be exceeded in loyalty, it is by the inhabitants of the Maritime Provinces. Loyalty with them is an overruling passion. In all parts of the Lower Provinces there is a rivalry between the opposing political parties as to which shall most strongly express and most effectively carry out the principle of loyalty to her Majesty and to the British Crown.

When this union takes place we shall at the outset be no inconsiderable people. We find ourselves with a population approaching four millions of souls. Such a population in Europe would make a second or at least a third rate power. And with a rapidly increasing population—for I am satisfied that under this union our population will increase in a still greater

ratio than before—with increased credit, with a higher position in the eyes of Europe, with the increased security we can offer to immigrants who would naturally prefer to seek a new home in what was known to them as a great country⁵ than in one little colony or another: with all this I am satisfied that, great as has been our increase in the last twenty-five years since the union between Upper and Lower Canada, our future progress during the next quarter of a¹⁰ century will be vastly greater. And when by means of this rapid increase we become a nation of eight or nine millions of inhabitants, our alliance will be worthy of being sought by the great nations of the earth. I am proud to be¹⁵ lieve that our desire of alliance will be reciprocated in England.

I know that there is a party in England—but it is inconsiderable in numbers, though strong in intellect and power, which speaks of the²⁰ desirability of getting rid of our colonies, but I believe such is not the feeling of the statesmen and people of England. I believe it will never be the deliberately expressed determination of the Government of Great Britain.²⁵ The colonies are now in a transition state; gradually a different colonial system is being developed, and it will become year by year less a case of dependence on our part and of

overruling protection on the part of the mother country, and more a case of healthy and cordial alliance.

Instead of looking on us as a merely dependent colony, England will have in us a friendly nation—a subordinate but still a powerful people—to stand by her in North America in peace as in war. The people of Australia will be such another subordinate nation; and England will have this advantage, if her colonies progress under the new colonial system as I believe they will, that though at war with all the rest of the world she will be able to look to the subordinate nations in alliance with her and owing allegiance to the same Sovereign, who will assist in enabling her again to meet the whole world in arms as she has done before. And if in the great Napoleonic war, with every port in Europe closed against her commerce, she was yet able to hold her own, how much more will that be the case when she has a Colonial Empire increasing in power, in wealth, in influence, and in position?

It is true that we stand in danger, as we have stood in danger again and again in Canada, of being plunged into war and all its consequences as the result of causes over which we have no control, by reason of this connection. This, however, did not intimidate us. At the

very mention of the prospect of war some time ago how were the feelings of the people aroused from one extremity of British America to the other, and preparations made for meeting its worst consequences! Although the people of this country are fully aware of the horrors of war, should a war arise unfortunately between the United States and England—and we pray it never may—they are still ready to encounter all ills of the kind for the sake of the connection with England.

So long as that alliance is maintained we enjoy under her protection the privileges of constitutional liberty according to the British system. We will enjoy here that which is the great test of constitutional freedom—we will have the rights of the minority respected. In all countries the rights of the majority take care of themselves, but it is only in countries like England, enjoying constitutional liberty and safe from the tyranny of a single despot or of an unbridled democracy, that the rights of minorities are regarded. So long, too, as we form a portion of the British Empire we shall have the example of her free institutions, of the high standard of the character of her statesmen and public men, of the purity of her legislation, and of the upright administration of her laws. In this younger country one great

advantage of our connection with Great Britain will be that under her auspices, inspired by her example, a portion of her empire, our public men will be actuated by principles similar to those which actuate the statesmen at home. These, although not material physical benefits of which you can make an arithmetical calculation, are of such overwhelming advantage to our future interests and standing as a nation that to obtain them is well worthy of any sacrifice we may be called upon to make, and the people of this country are ready to make them.

We should feel, also, sincerely grateful to a beneficent Providence that we have had the opportunity vouchsafed to us of calmly considering this great constitutional change, this peaceful revolution; that we have not been hurried into it like the United States by the exigencies of war; that we have not had a violent revolutionary period forced on us like other nations by hostile action from without or by domestic dissensions within. Here we are in peace and prosperity under the fostering care of Great Britain, a dependent people with a Government having only a limited and delegated authority, and yet allowed without restriction and without jealousy on the part of the mother country to legislate for ourselves, and peacefully and deliberately to consider and

determine the future of Canada and British North America. It is our happiness to know the expression of the will of our Gracious Sovereign through her Ministers that we have her full sanction for our deliberations, that her only solicitude is that we shall adopt a system really for our advantage, and that she promises to sanction any conclusion at which after full deliberation we may arrive as to the best mode of securing the well-being, the present and future prosperity of British America. It is our privilege and happiness to be in such a position, and we cannot be too grateful for the blessings thus conferred upon us.

In conclusion, I would again implore the House not to let this opportunity pass. It is an opportunity that may never recur. It was only by a happy concurrence of circumstances that we were enabled to bring this question to its present position. If we do not take advantage of the time, if we show ourselves unequal to the occasion, it may never return, and we shall hereafter bitterly and unavailingly regret having failed to embrace the happy opportunity now offered of founding a great nation under the fostering care of Great Britain and our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria.

—SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

WE are here to determine how best we can draw together in the bonds of peace, friendship, and commercial prosperity the three great branches of the British family. In the presence
5 of this great theme all petty interests should stand rebuked. We are not dealing with the concerns of a city, a province, or a state, but with the future of our race in all time to come. Why should not these three great branches
10 of the family flourish, under different systems of government it may be, but forming one grand whole, proud of a common origin and of their advanced civilization? The clover lifts its trefoil leaves to the evening dew, yet they
15 draw their nourishment from a single stem. Thus distinct and yet united let us live and flourish. Why should we not?

For nearly two thousand years we were one family. Our fathers fought side by side at
20 Hastings and heard the curfew toll. They fought in the same ranks for the sepulchre of our Saviour. In the civil wars we can wear our white and red roses without a blush and glory in the principles those conflicts
25 established. Our common ancestors won the Great Charter and the Bill of Rights, established

free parliaments, the Habeas Corpus, and trial by jury. Our jurisprudence comes down from Coke and Mansfield to Marshall and Story, rich in knowledge and experience which no man can divide. From Chaucer to Shakespeare our⁵ literature is a common inheritance. Tennyson and Longfellow write in one language which is enriched by the genius developed on either side of the Atlantic. In the great navigators from Cortereal to Hudson, and in all their¹⁰ "moving accidents by flood and field," we have a common interest.

On this side of the sea we have been largely reinforced both by the Germans and the French, and there is strength in both elements. The¹⁵ Germans gave to us the sovereigns who established our freedom, and they give to you industry, intelligence, and thrift; and the French, who have distinguished themselves in arts and arms for centuries, now strengthen the²⁰ provinces which the fortune of war decided they could not control.

But it may be said that we have been divided by two wars. What then? The noble St. Lawrence is split in two places—by Goat²⁵ Island and Anticosti—but it comes down to us from the same springs in the same mountain sides; its waters sweep together past the pictured rocks of Lake Superior and encircle in

their loving embrace the shores of Huron and Michigan. They are divided at Niagara Falls as we were at the Revolutionary War, but they come together again on the peaceful bosom of Ontario. Again they are divided in their passage to the sea; but who thinks of divisions when they lift the keels of commerce, or when, drawn up to heaven, they form the rainbow or the cloud?

10 It is true that in eighty-five years we have had two wars—but what then? Since the last we have had fifty years of peace, and there have been more people killed in a single campaign in the late civil war than there were in 15 the two national wars between this country and Great Britain. The people of the United States hope to draw together the two conflicting elements and make them one people. In that task I wish them God speed! And in the same 20 way I feel that we ought to rule out everything disagreeable in the recollection of our old wars and unite together as one people for all time to come. I see around the door the flags of the two countries. United as they are there I 25 would have them draped together, fold within fold, and let

“Their varying tints unite,
And form in Heaven’s light,
One arch of peace.”

—JOSEPH HOWE.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.*

THE language of this address, Mr. Speaker, seems to me to be sufficiently explicit, and I have but few observations to offer in support of it. We British subjects, of all race origins in all parts of the world, are inspired with sentiments of exalted and chivalrous devotion to the person of Her Most Gracious Majesty. This devotion is not the result of any maudlin sentimentality. It springs from the fact that the Queen, the sovereign of the many lands¹⁰ which constitute the British Empire, is one of the noblest women that ever lived, certainly the best sovereign that England ever had, and probably the best that ever ruled in any land. War is abhorrent to the delicate¹⁵ nature of woman. We may safely assume, indeed we know, that the present war was particularly painful to Her Majesty. She had hoped that the closing years of her long and prosperous reign would not be saddened by²⁰ such a spectacle, but it was not in the decrees of Divine Providence that this hope and wish should be gratified. War came, and it came

*On the seventh of June, 1900, shortly after the British forces occupied Pretoria, the capital of the "South African Republic," Sir Wilfrid Laurier moved and Sir Charles Tupper seconded an address to Queen Victoria congratulating her on the approaching termination of the war in South Africa. The following selections are from the speeches made in support of this motion.

with the surroundings of horror, of grievous sufferings, and of blood-shed. It came with alternating periods of successes and reverses.

But, Sir, happily the end is now within sight.
5 The troops of Her Majesty are now in Pretoria, and the British flag, which is to us the emblem of liberty, is floating over the public buildings in that far-famed city. This happy result is due, above all, to that fine soldier who has
10 proved himself a great general, and who on this occasion has, as ever before, raised himself to the greatest expectations that the people of the empire entertained of him. Lord Roberts is the great leader of whom each soldier can say,
15 as the soldiers of Napoleon said in the campaign of Austerlitz: "He won battles not so much by making use of our weapons as by making use of our legs." The recent British victories
20 are due to the fine character and the solid qualities of the troops, who under the command of their victorious general have proved themselves ready for every emergency: ready to do everything that was expected of them, ready and anxious to do their duty to the empire.
25 In this way we may remark, with perhaps pardonable pride, that on more than one occasion, when the fate of battle was trembling in the scales of destiny, the scales were turned in favor of the British arms and the victory

decided by the dash of our Canadian soldiers. They proved that, though many years have passed since last they were called upon to take the field against a foe, they are yet worthy of the races from which they have sprung, and that the blood which courses in their veins is the same as that which inspired their ancestors to gallant deeds.

Happily, as I said, the end of the war is in sight, though we cannot hope that the war is finished. Many battles have, doubtless, yet to be fought, and indeed we may say that when the war is terminated greater problems will face the British authorities. But, even though the campaign is not finished, we to-day utter the hope and the prayer that the long reign of Her Majesty may nevermore be disturbed by war, and that what remains to her of her natural life may now flow in peace. We pray that when the end of this long and glorious reign comes, the subjects of Her Majesty in South Africa shall have learned to appreciate those British institutions which in this age and in every land signify liberty and equal rights.

We hope and pray that when the end of this long and glorious reign comes, it shall close upon a united empire wherein peace and goodwill shall prevail among all men.

—SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

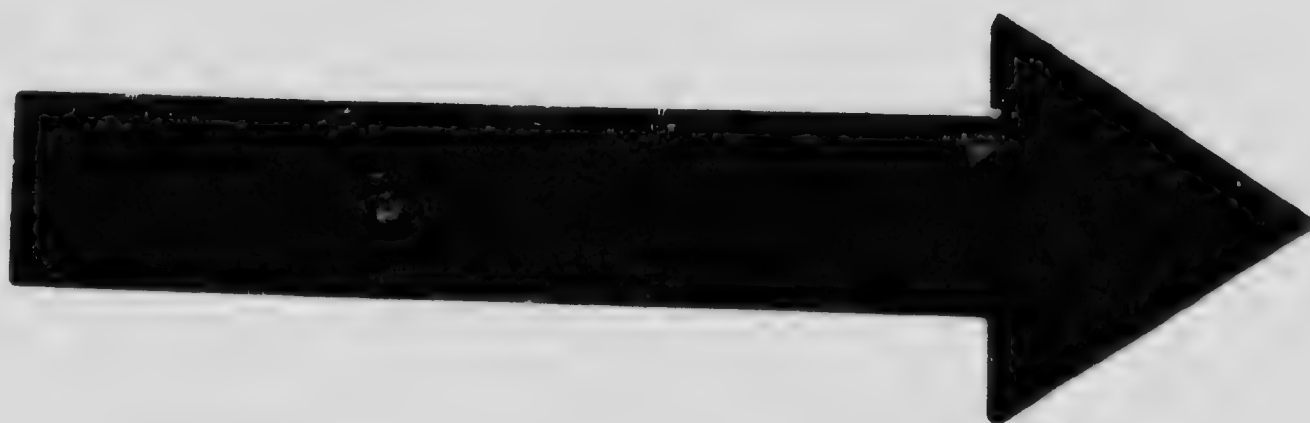
CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

It gives me great pleasure to second the address which has just been moved in such fitting terms by the right honorable, the leader of the House and the Government, and to associate myself in the warmest manner with the eloquent terms in which he has moved it. Attention has been drawn by my right honorable friend to the glorious reign of Her Majesty the Queen, and while, no doubt, it was a matter of great regret that war should at this late period of her reign disturb the peace of any portion of the empire, I do not think it can be a source of unqualified regret that that war has taken place.

15 We have had since Her Majesty ascended the throne, in fact within comparatively recent years, the consolidation of the whole of British North America, with the exception of the island of Newfoundland, which I trust will at no distant day become a portion of the Dominion.
20 We have not only that consolidated and united country, but we have reached a position enabling us to give most important material aid to Her Majesty's troops in South Africa. That example
25 of Canada has just been followed by the great island continent of Australia, where the various

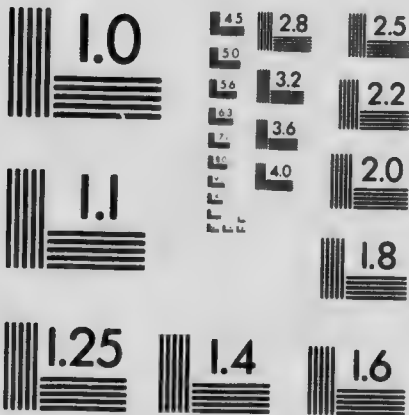
provinces under an Imperial Act will shortly be united in a powerful confederation—another great step towards the complete consolidation of the empire. But in regard to the unity of the empire, there was a cloud on the horizon in the condition of South Africa. To-day we have fairly in sight, as my right honorable friend has well expressed it, the consolidation of South Africa under British rule, and then we shall have three great kindred nations—the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia and, at an early day, the great Dominion of South Africa—all united under the same wise and happy British institutions that have made Canada and Australasia these flourishing countries they are.

My right honorable friend has referred to the position of the Boers, a most important consideration. When the question is asked, "What is to be the position of the Boers?" my answer is that history teaches by example, and I am able to point to an illustrious example within the knowledge of those who are here present as to what that position will be. When about a hundred and forty years ago France ceded Canada to the English Crown, the entire population of Canada was French, and that population from that hour came under British institutions. With what result? With the



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result that one of the most eminent French-Canadians, the late lamented Sir George Cartier, when asked by Her Majesty the Queen, "What are French-Canadians?" gave the answer, "Your Majesty, they are Englishmen speaking French." And when, on another occasion, at a grand banquet in London, the late Sir Etienne Taché had occasion to refer to the position of the French in Canada, he ventured upon the prophecy that the last gun which would be fired in Canada in defence of British institutions would be fired by a French-Canadian; and why? Because under these British institutions they enjoyed freedom, progress, prosperity, and everything else that could make life dear to a citizen, in such an eminent degree that they felt no change of allegiance could benefit them.

If you want to understand how completely freedom is enjoyed and how thoroughly satisfactory British institutions have been to the French-Canadian race, I need only point to the fact that although the French population has attained to only about two million out of nearly six million British subjects who inhabit Canada, the Prime Minister of Canada is at this moment an eminent French-Canadian. Therefore, you can have no anxiety as to what the position of the Boers will be. They will have a freedom

of which, under the corrupt oligarchy that was carried on under the name of a republic, they had no knowledge or conception, and the result will be, as my right honorable friend has eloquently expressed it, that at no distant day we shall see a united South Africa, in which all races, all classes, all creeds will enjoy equal privileges in the eye of the law—a united, happy, loyal population sustaining the Crown of England.

There is another feature of this war which I regard as of the utmost importance, not only to the British Empire but to the whole world, namely, that it has demonstrated that the power of England, the might of that great empire of which we form so important and conspicuous a part, is appreciated to-day as it was not appreciated by the nations of Europe six months ago. Had anyone then ventured the prediction that England, powerful as was her navy, would in a few short weeks, or even in a few short months, land an army of two hundred thousand men on a territory separated from Great Britain by something like seven thousand miles of ocean, he would have been laughed to scorn. That great feat has been accomplished, and it has not only demonstrated to the world that England is admittedly the greatest naval power, but has established her position as one of the greatest military powers.

That is not the only happy result of this war, although it is one of the greatest, because I believe that this demonstration of the might and power of England is going to contribute to the peace of the world and prevent the interruption of that peace to an extent nothing else could. But there is another element in this matter, one with which we are intimately associated: not only has England shown her
10 might and power and prowess but she has shown the world that she has the great Dominion of Canada, the great island continent of Australasia, as well as South Africa at her back. She has shown that she has what will,
15 in a very brief period now, be three great nations, practically independent, but bound to her by the closest ties that can bind one section of country to the other in maintaining the might and power and prestige of the great
20 empire to which we belong.

—SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the south that darkens the day!
Storm of battle and thunder of war!
Well if it do not roll our way.

Storm, storm, riflemen form!
Ready, be ready against the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

—*Alfred Tennyson* (1856).

THE QUEEN AND THE EMPIRE.

QUEEN VICTORIA was not only a model constitutional sovereign, but undoubtedly the first constitutional sovereign the world ever saw—the first absolutely constitutional sovereign England ever had. It may be said without exaggeration that up to the time of her accession to the throne, the history of England was a record of a continuous contest between the sovereign and the parliament for supremacy. That contest was of many centuries' duration and it was not terminated by the Revolution of 1688; for although after that revolution the contest never took a violent form, still it continued for many reigns in court intrigues and plots, the struggle being on the part of the sovereign to rule according to his own views, on the part of parliament to rule according to the views of the people.

Queen Victoria was the first of all sovereigns who was absolutely impersonal—politically. Whether the question at issue was the abolition of the corn laws, the war in the Crimea, the extension of the suffrage, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, or home rule in Ireland, the Queen never gave the nation any information as to what her views were upon any

of these great political issues. Her own opinions were never known, though opinions she had, because she was a woman of strong intellect, and we know that she followed events with great eagerness. We can presume, indeed we know, that whenever a new policy was presented to her by her Prime Minister she discussed that policy with him, and sometimes approved or sometimes, perhaps, dissented. But whether she
10 approved or disapproved no one ever knew what her views were, and she left the praise or the blame to those who were responsible to the people. That wise policy upon the part of our late sovereign bore fruit early and in ever
15 increasing abundance.

The reward to the Queen was not only in the gratitude and affection of her people, but in the security of her throne and dynasty. When the terrible year of 1848 came, when all the
20 nations of Europe were convulsed by revolution, when thrones were battered by the infuriated billows of popular passions, England alone was calm and peaceful. Thrones crumbled to pieces like steeples in an earthquake, but the throne
25 of the Queen of England was never disturbed: it was firm in the affection of her subjects. As the reign advanced, it became their pride that there was more freedom in monarchic England than under any democratic or repub-

lican form of government in existence. That being true, the Queen rendered her people a very great service indeed. She saved them from socialistic agitation, and so the great prosperity of England to-day is due not only to wise and economic laws but also to the personality of the Queen and to her prudent conduct all through the sixty years of her reign.

But that is not all. The most remarkable event in the reign of Queen Victoria, an event which took place in silence and unobserved, was the marvellous progress made in colonial development—development which, based upon local autonomy, ended in colonial expansion.

Let us remember that in the first year of the Queen's reign there was rebellion in this very country. There was rebellion in the then foremost colony of Great Britain, in Lower Canada and in Upper Canada: rebellion—let me say it at once, because it is only the truth to say it—not against the authority of the young Queen but against the pernicious system of government which then prevailed. This rebellion was suppressed by force, and if the question had then been put, "What shall be the condition of these colonies at the end of Victoria's reign?" the universal answer would have been: "Let the end of the reign be near or let it be remote, when that end

comes these rebellious colonies shall have wrenched their independence or they shall be, sullen and discontented, kept down by force." If, on the contrary, some one had then said, "You are all mistaken; when the reign comes to an end, these colonies shall not be rebellious; they shall not have claimed their independence; they shall have grown into a nation covering one-half of this continent; they shall have become to all intents and purposes one independent nation under the flag of England, and that flag shall not be maintained by force, but shall be maintained by the affection and the gratitude of the people": if such a prophecy had been made it would have been considered as the hallucination of some visionary dreamer. But to-day that dream is a reality, that prophecy has come true. To-day the rebellious colonies of 1837 are the nation of Canada—I use the word "nation" advisedly—acknowledging the supremacy of the crown of England and maintaining that supremacy, not by force of arms but simply by their own affection, with only one garrison in Canada at this present moment and that garrison manned by Canadian volunteers.

What has been the cause of that marvellous change? The immediate cause is the personality of Queen Victoria. Of course the visible

and chief cause of all is the bold policy inaugurated many years ago of introducing parliamentary constitutional government and allowing the colonies to govern themselves. But it is manifest that self-government could never have been truly effective in Canada had it not been that there was a wise sovereign reigning in England, who had herself given the fullest measure of constitutional government to her own people. If the people of England had not been ruled by a wise Queen; if they had not themselves possessed parliamentary government in the truest sense of the term; if the British parliament had been, as it had been under former kings, in open contention with the sovereign, then it is quite manifest that Canada could not have enjoyed the development of constitutional government which she enjoys to-day. It is quite manifest that if the people of England had not possessed constitutional government in the fullest degree at home they could not have given it to the colonies, and thus the action of the Queen in giving constitutional government to England has strengthened the throne not only in England but in the colonies as well.

—SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

THE BRITISH FLAG.

ALL hail to the day when the Britons came over
And planted their standard with sea-foam still wet ;
Around and above us their spirits will hover
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.
Beneath it the emblems they cherished are waving: 5
The Rose of Old England the roadside perfumes,
The Shamrock and Thistle the north winds are braving,
Securely the Mayflower blushes and blooms.

In the temples they founded their faith is maintained,
Every foot of the soil they bequeathed is still ours, 10
The graves where they moulder no foe has profaned,
But we wreath them with verdure and strew them
with flowers.

The blood of no brother in civil strife pour'd
in this hour of rejoicing encumbers our souls !
The frontier's the field for the patriot's sword, 15
And cursed be the weapon that faction controls !

Then hail to the day ! 'tis with memories crowded,
Delightful to trace 'mid the mists of the past ;
Like the features of beauty bewitchingly shrouded
They shine through the shadows time o'er them has 20
cast.

As travellers track to its source in the mountains
The stream which far swelling extends o'er the plains,
Our hearts on this day fondly turn to the fountains
Whence flow the warm currents that bound in our
veins.

And proudly we trace them—no warrior flying
 From city assaulted and fanes overthrown,
 With the last of his race on the battlements dying,
 And weary with wandering founded our own.
 5 From the Queen of the Islands, then famous in story,
 A century since our brave forefathers came,
 And our 'dred yet fill the wide world with her glory
 Enlarging her empire and spreading her name.
 Every flash of her genius our pathway enlightens,
 10 Every field she explores we are beckoned to tread,
 Each laurel she gathers our future day brightens,
 We joy with her living and mourn for her dead.
 Then hail to the day when the Britons came over
 And planted their standard with sea-foam still wet,
 15 Above and around us their spirits shall hover
 Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

—JOSEPH HOWE.

THE FIRST DOMINION DAY.

CANADA, Canada, land of the maple,
 Queen of the forest and river and lake,
 Open thy soul to the voice of thy people,
 Close not thy heart to the music they make.
 Bells, chime out merrily,
 Trumpets, call cheerily,
 Silence is vocal and sleep is awake!

25 Canada, Canada, land of the beaver,
 Labor and skill have their triumph to-day;
 May the joy of it flow like a river,
 Deepen and deeper as time flies away.

Bells, chime out merrily,
 Trumpets, call cheerily,
 Science and industry laugh and are gay.

Canada, Can. da, land of the snow-bird,
 Emblem of constancy change cannot kill;
 Faith, that no strange cup has ever unsobered;
 Drinketh to-day from love's chalice here and.

5

Bells, chime out merrily,
 Trumpets, call cheerily,
 Loyalty singeth and treason is still!

10

Canada, Canada, land of the bravest,
 Sons of the war-pat. and sons of the sea:
 Land of no slave-lash, to-day thou enslavest
 Millions of hearts with affection for thee.

Bells, chime out merrily,
 Trumpets, call cheerily,
 Let the sky ring with the shout of the free.

15

Canada, Canada, land of the fairest,
 Daughters of snow that is kissed by the sun,
 Binding the charms of all lands that are rarest
 Like the bright cestus of Venus in one!

20

Bells, chime out merrily,
 Trumpets, call cheerily,
 A new reign of beauty on earth is begun!

—JOHN READE.

“Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the lute of Orpheus; it moves stones; it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.”

—Lytton.

THE CANADIAN CONFEDERACY.

AWAKE, my country, the hour is great with change !
Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North —
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams and murmurs in the dream.
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam !
Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done !
Doubt not nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting sun
And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait,
Tho' dreamers rapt in starry visions cry,
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame !"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name :
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand,
Loyal to our native earth—our own Canadian land !
O strong hearts guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard !
Those mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred :

What fields of peace these bulwarks will secure!
 What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
 Shall not our love this rough sweet land make sure,
 Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
 O strong hearts of the North,
 Let flame your loyalty forth,
 And put the craven and base to an open shame
 Till earth shall know the child of nations by her name!

—CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS.

A SONG OF CANADA.

Sing me a song of the great Dominion!
 Soul-felt words for a patriot's ear! 10
 Ring out boldly the well-turned measure,
 Voicing your notes that the world may hear;
 Here is no starveling, Heaven-forsaken,
 Shrinking aside where the nations throng;
 Proud as the proudest moves she among them; 15
 Worthy is she of a noble song!

Sing me the might of her giant mountains
 Baring their brows in the dazzling blue:
 Changeless alone where all else changes,
 Emblems of all that is grand and true; 20
 Free as the eagles around them soaring,
 Fair as they rose from their Maker's hand;
 Shout, till the snow-caps catch the chorus—
 The white-topp'd peaks of our mountain land!

Sing me the calm of her tranquil forests, 25
 Silence eternal and peace profound,

Into whose great heart's deep recesses
Breaks no tempest and comes no sound.

Face to face with the death-like stillness

Here, if at all, man's soul might quail :

Nay ! 'tis the love of that great peace leads us
Thither where solace will never fail !

Sing me the pride of her stately rivers

Cleaving their way to the far-off sea,

Glory of strength in their deep-mouth'd music,

Glory of mirth in their tameless glee.

Hark ! 'tis the roar of the tumbling rapids ;

Deep unto deep through the dead night calls ;

Truly, I hear but the voice of Freedom

Shouting her name from her fortress walls !

Sing me the joy of her fertile prairies,

League upon league of the golden grain :

Comfort housed in the smiling homestead,

Plenty throned on the lumbering wain.

Land of contentment ! May no strife vex you,

Never war's flag on your plains unfurl'd ;

Only the blessings of mankind reach you

Finding the food for a hungry world !

Sing me the charm of her blazing camp-fires ;

Sing me the quiet of her happy homes,

Whether afar 'neath the forest arches

Or in the shade of the city's domes ;

Sing me her life, her loves, her labors :

All of a mother a son would hear ;

For when a lov'd one's praise is sounding

Sweet are the strains to the lover's ear.

Sing me the worth of each Canadian—
 Roamer in wilderness, toiler in town;
 Search earth over you'll find none stauncher
 Whether his hands be white or brown;
 Come of a right good stock to start with,
 Best of the world's blood in each vein,
 Lords of ourselves and slaves to no one,
 For us or from us you'll find we're—MEN!

Sing me the song, then; sing it bravely;
 Put your soul in the words you sing;
 Sing me the praise of this glorious country;
 Clear on the ear let the deep notes ring.
 Here is no starveling, Heaven-forsaken,
 Crouching apart where the nations throng;
 Proud as the proudest moves she among them;
 Well is she worthy a noble song!

—ROBERT REID.

CANADA TO COLUMBIA.

O ELDER sister, though thou didst of yore
 Forsake thy mother's ancient hall and flee
 To be the chosen bride of Liberty,
 She cherishes her grief and wrath no more,
 Nor seeks her broken circle to restore,
 Yet fain would clasp thee to her breast again,
 But thou aloof uncertain dost remain.

O canst thou not the one mistake forget
 Of her that bore thee, taught thy lips to frame
 Thy early words, thy God in prayer to name;

That in the paths of right and justice set
 Thy feet, where not infrequent walk they yet;
 That stood devoted at thy youthful side
 Nor e'en her blood in thy defence denied?

5 But if thy younger sister yet abide
 Content and happy in her mother's hall,
 Nor feel the bond of blood a menial thrall,
 But leaning heart to heart of choice confide
 In mother yet as dearest guard and guide,
 10 If thou wilt not thy mother's love regain
 Why must thy cradle sister plead in vain?

Yet all the best that bubbles in our veins
 We sisters drew from that one Saxon breast.
 Where oftentimes thy maiden cheek has pressed,
 15 Mine resting still in loving trust remains.
 Our bonds of blood should be unbroken chains!
 Obey thy heart and grasp the proffered hand,
 Then all the world our wills may not withstand.

—LYMAN CYRUS SMITH.

THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE.

O, THE East is but the West, with the sun a little
 hotter,
 20 And the pine becomes a palm by the dark Egyptian
 water,
 And the Nile's like many a stream we know that fills
 its brimming cup:
 We'll think it is the Ottawa as we track the batteaux up!
 Pull, pull, pull! as we track the batteaux up!
 It's easy shooting homeward when we're at the top.

O, the cedar and the spruce line each dark Canadian
river,

But the thirsty date is here where the sultry sun-
beams quiver ;

And the mocking mirage spreads its view afar on either
hand,

But strong we bend the sturdy oar towards the southern
land !

Pull, pull, pull ! as we track the batteaux up !

It's easy shooting homeward when we're at the top !

O, we've tracked the rapids up and o'er many a
portage crossing ;

And it's often such we've seen though so loud the
waves are tossing !

Then it's homeward when the run is o'er ! o'er stream
and ocean deep,

To bring the memory of the Nile where the maple
shadows sleep !

Pull, pull, pull ! as we track the batteaux up !

It's easy shooting homeward when we're at the top !

And it yet may come to pass that the hearts and hands
so ready

May be sought again to help when some poise is off
the steady !

And the maple and the pine be matched with British
oak the while,

As once beneath Egyptian suns the Canadians on the
Nile !

Pull, pull, pull ! as we track the batteaux up !

It's easy shooting homeward when we're at the top !

—WILLIAM WYR SMITH.

HANDS ALL ROUND.

FIRST drink a health this solemn night,
 A health to England, every guest ;
 That man's the best cosmopolite
 Who loves his native country best.
 5 May freedom's oak for ever live
 With stronger life from day to day ;
 That man's the true conservative
 Who lops the moulder'd branch away.
 Hands all round !
 10 God the tyrant's hope confound !
 To this great cause of freedom drink, my friends,
 And the great name of England round and round.

A health to Europe's honest men !
 Heaven guard them from her tyrant's jails !
 15 From wrong'd Poerio's noisome den,
 From iron'd limbs and tortured nails !
 We curse the crimes of southern kings,
 The Russian whips and Austrian rods—
 We likewise have our evil things :
 20 Too much we make our ledgers gods.
 Yet hands all round !

God the tyrant's cause confound !
 To Europe's better health we drink, my friends,
 And the great name of England round and round.

25 What health to France, if France be she
 Whom martial prowess only charms ?
 Yet tell her—Better to be free
 Than vanquish all the world in arms.
 Her frantic city's flashing heats
 30 But fire to blast the hopes of men.
 25

Why change the titles of your streets?

You fools, you'll want them all again.

Yet hands all round!

God their tyrant's cause confound!

To France, the wiser France, we drink, my friends, 5
And the great name of England round and round.

Gigantic daughter of the West,

We drink to thee across the flood,

We know thee most, we love thee best,

For art thou not of British blood? 10

Should war's mad blast again be blown

Permit not thou the tyrant powers

To fight thy mother here alone,

But let thy broadsides roar with ours.

Hands all round! 15

God the tyrant's cause confound!

To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,

And the great name of England round and round.

O rise, our strong Atlantic sons,

When war against our freedom springs! 20

O speak to Europe thro' your guns!

They can be understood by kings.

You must not mix our Queen with those

That wish to keep their people foes;

Our freedom's foemen are her foes, 25

She comprehends the race she rules.

Hands all round!

God the tyrant's cause confound!

To our dear kinsmen of the West, my friends,

And the great cause of freedom round and round. 30

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

KIN BEYOND SEA.

5 BUT higher and deeper than the concern of
the Old World at large in the thirteen colonies,
now grown into thirty-eight states besides
10 eight territories, is the special interest of Eng-
land in their condition and prospects.

15 I do not speak of political controversies be-
tween them and us, which are happily, as I
trust, at an end. I do not speak of the vast
contribution which, from year to year through
the operations of a colossal trade, each makes 10
to the wealth and comfort of the other; nor of
the friendly controversy, which in its own
place it might be well to raise, between the
leanings of America to protectionism and the
20 more daring reliance of the old country upon
free and unrestricted intercourse with all the
world; nor of the menace which, in the pro-
spective development of her resources, America
offers to the commercial pre-eminence of Eng-
land. On this subject I will only say that it 20
is she alone who at a coming time can, and
probably will wrest from us that commercial
primacy.

30 We have no title, I have no inclination,
to murmur at the prospect. If she acquires 25
it she will make the acquisition by the right

of the strongest, but in this instance the strongest means the best. She will probably become what we are now, the head servant in the great household of the world, the employer of all employed, because her service will be the most and ablest. We have no more title against her than Venice, or Genoa, or Holland has had against us. One great duty is entailed upon us which we, unfortunately, neglect—the duty of preparing, by a resolute and sturdy effort, to reduce our public burdens in preparation for a day when we shall probably have less capacity than we have now to bear them.

15 Passing by all these subjects with their varied attractions, I come to another which lies within the domain of political philosophy. The students of the future in this department will have much to say in the way of comparison
20 between American and British institutions. The relationship between these two is unique in history. It is always interesting to compare constitutions as it is to compare languages, especially in such instances as those of the
25 Greek States and the Italian Republics, or the diversified forms of the feudal system in the different countries of Europe. But there is no parallel in all the records of the world to the case of that prolific British mother who has

sent forth her innumerable children over all the earth to be the founders of half a-dozen empires. She with her progeny may almost claim to constitute a kind of Universal Church in politics.

But among these children there is one whose place in the world's eye and in history is superlative: it is the American Republic. She is the eldest born. She has, taking the capacity of her land into view as well as its mere measurement, a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man. And it may be well here to mention, what has not always been sufficiently observed, that the distinction between continuous empire and empire severed and dispersed over sea is vital. The development which the Republic has effected has been unexampled in its rapidity and force. While other countries have doubled or at most trebled their population she has risen, during one single century of freedom, in round numbers from two millions to forty-five. As to riches, it is reasonable to establish from the decennial stages of the progress thus far achieved a series for the future, and reckoning upon this basis I suppose that the very next census, in the year 1880, will exhibit her to the world as certainly the wealthiest of all the nations.

But all this pompous detail of material triumphs, whether for the one or for the other, is worse than idle unless the men of the two countries shall remain or shall become greater than the mere things that they produce, and shall know how to regard those things simply as tools and materials for the attainments of the highest purposes of their being. Ascending then from the ground-floor of material industry towards the regions in which these purposes are to be wrought out, it is for each nation to consider how far its institutions have reached a state in which they can contribute their maximum to the store of human happiness and excellence. And for the political student all over the world it will be beyond anything curious as well as useful to examine with what diversities as well as what resemblances of apparatus the two greater branches of a race born to command have been minded, or induced, or constrained to work out in their sea-severed seats their political destinies according to the respective laws appointed for them.

In many and the most fundamental respects the two still carry in undiminished, perhaps in increasing, clearness the notes of resemblance that beseeem a parent and a child. It is to the honor of the British Monarchy that, upon the whole, it frankly recognized the facts and did

not pedantically endeavor to constrain by artificial and alien limitations the growth of the infant states. It is a thing to be remembered that the accusations of the colonies in 1776 were entirely levelled at the king actually on the throne, and that a general acquittal was thus given by them to every preceding reign. Their infancy had upon the whole what their manhood was, free, self-governed and republican. Their constitution as we call it was like ours in the main a vindication of liberties inherited and possessed. It was a conservative revolution and the happy result was that, notwithstanding the sharpness of the collision with the mother-country and with domestic loyalism, the thirteen colonies made provision for their future in conformity, as to all that determined life and manners, with the recollections of their past. The two constitutions of the two countries express indeed rather the differences than the resemblances of the nations. The one a thing grown, the other a thing made; the one *a priori*, the other a *poiesis*; the one the offspring of tendency and indeterminate time, the other of choice and of an epoch.

—WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

COMMONWEALTH DAY.

- AWAKE! Arise! The wings of dawn
Are beating at the gates of day!
The morning star has been withdrawn,
The silver vapors melt away!
5 Rise royally, O sun, and crown
The shoreward billow streaming white,
The forelands and the mountains brown
With crested light;
Flood with soft beams the valleys wide,
10 The mighty plains, the desert sand,
Till the new day has won for bride
This Austral land!
- Freeborn of nations, virgin white,
Not won by blood nor ringed with steel,
15 Thy throne is on a loftier height,
Deep-rooted in the common weal!
O thou, for whom the strong have wrought,
And poets sung with souls aflame,
Born of long hope and patient thought,
20 A mighty name —
We pledge thee faith that shall not swerve,
Our land, our lady, breathing high
The thought that makes it love to serve
And life to die!
- 25 Now are thy maidens linked in love
Who erst have striven for pride of place,

Lifted all meaner thoughts above
They greet thee one in heart and race:
She in whose sunlit coves of peace
The navies of the world may rest
And bear her wealth of snowy fleece
Northward and west;
And she whose corn and rock-hewn gold
Built that queen city of the south,
Where the lone billow swept of old
Her harbor mouth;

5

10

Come too, thou sun-maid, in whose veins
For ever burns the tropic fire—
Whose cattle roam a thousand plains—
Come with thy gold and pearls for tire;
And that sweet harvester who twines
The tender vine and binds the sheaf;
And she, the western queen, who mines
The desert reef;
And thou, against whose flowery throne
And orchards green the wave is hurled—
Australia claims you: ye are one
Before the world!

15

20

Crown her, most worthy to be praised,
With eyes uplifted to the morn:
For on this day a flag is raised,
A triumph won, a nation born!
And ye, vast army of the dead,
From mine and city, plain and sea,
Who fought and dared, who toiled and bled,
That this might be:

25

30

Draw round us in this hour of fate,
 This golden harvest of thy hand ;
 With unseen lips, Oh consecrate
 And bless the land !

5 Eternal Power, benign, supreme,
 Who weigh'st the nations upon earth,
 Without whose aid the empire-dream
 And pride of states is nothing worth :
 From shameless speech and vengeful deed,
 10 From license veiled in freedom's name,
 From greed of gold and scorn of creed,
 Guard Thou our fame !
 In stress of days, that yet may be,
 When hope shall rest upon the sword,
 15 In welfare and adversity,
 Be with us, Lord !

—GEORGE ESSEX EVANS.

THE AUSTRAL MONTHS.

JANUARY.

THE first fair month ! In singing summer's sphere
 She glows, the eldest daughter of the year.
 All light, all warmth, all passion, breaths of myrrh,
 20 And subtle hints of rose-lands come with her.
 She is the warm live month of lustre—she
 Makes glad the land and lulls the strong sad sea.
 The highest hope comes with her. In her face
 Of pure clear color lives exalted grace ;

Her speech is beauty, and her radiant eyes
Are eloquent with splendid prophecies!

FEBRUARY.

The bright-haired blue-eyed last of summer! Lo!
Her clear song lives in all the winds that blow;
The upland torrent and the lowland rill, 5
The stream of valley and the spring of hill,
The pools that slumber and the brooks that run
Where dense the leaves are, green the light of sun,
Take all her grace of voice and color. She
With rich warm vine-blood splashed from heel to knee 10
Comes radiant through the yellow woodlands. Far
And near her sweet gifts shine like star by star.
She is the true Demeter. Life of root
Grows under her with gardens flushed with fruit;
She fills the fields with strength and passion—makes 15
A fire of lustre of the lawn-ringed lakes;
Her beauty awes the great wild sea; the height
Of gray magnificence takes strange delight
And softens at her presence—at the dear
Sweet face whose memory beams through all the year. 20

MARCH.

Clear upland voices full of wind and stream
Great March, the sister of the flying beam
And speedy shadow. She with rainbow crowned
Lives in a sphere of songs of many sound.
The hymn of waters and the gale's high tone, 25
With anthems from the thunder's mountain throne,
Are with her ever. This, behold, is she
Who draws its great cry from the strong sad sea;

She is the month of majesty. Her force
Is power that moves along a stately course
Within the lines of order, like no wild
And lawless strength of winter's fiercest child.
5 About her are the wind-whipped torrents ; far
Above her gleams and flies the stormy star,
And round her through the highlands and their rocks
Rings loud the grand speech from the equinox.

APRIL.

The darling of Australia's autumn—now
10 Down dewy dells the strong swift torrents flow !
This is the month of singing waters ; here
A tender radiance fills the southern year ;
No bitter winter sets on herb and root
Within these gracious glades a frosty foot.
15 The spears of sleet, the arrows of the hail
Are here unknown. But down the dark green dale
Of moss and myrtle and the herby streams
This April wanders in a home of dreams ;
Her flower-soft name makes language falter. All
20 Her paths are soft and cool, and runnels fall
In music round her ; and the woodlands sing
For evermore with voice of wind and wing
Because this is the month of beauty—this
The crowning grace of all the grace that is.

MAY.

25 Now sings a cool bland wind where falls and flows
The runnel by the grave of last year's rose ;
Now underneath the strong perennial leaves

The first slow voice of wintering torrent grieves,
 Now in a light like English August's day
 Is seen the fair sweet chastened face of May.
 She is the daughter of the year who stands
 With autumn's last rich offerings in her hands ; 5
 Behind her gleams the ghost of April's noon,
 Before her is the far faint dawn of June ;
 She lingers where the dells and dewy leas
 Catch stormy sayings from the great bold seas !
 Her nightly raiment is the misty fold 10
 That zones her round with moonlight-colored gold ;
 And in the day she sheds from shining wings
 A tender heat that keeps the life in things.

JUNE.

Not like that month when in imperial space
 The high strong sun stares at the white world's face : 15
 Not like that haughty daughter of the year
 Who moves, a splendor, in a splendid sphere :
 But rather like a nymph of afternoon
 With cool soft sunshine comes Australian June.
 She is the calm sweet lady from whose lips 20
 No breath of living passion ever slips ;
 The wind that on her virgin forehead blows
 Was born too late to speak of last year's rose ;
 She never saw a blossom, but her eyes
 Of tender beauty see blue gracious skies ; 25
 She loves the mosses, and her feet have been
 In woodlands where the leaves are always green ;
 Her days pass on with sea-songs, and her nights
 Shine full of stars on lands of frosty lights.

JULY.

High travelling winds filled with the strong storm's soul
Are here with dark strange sayings from the Pole ;
Now is the time when every great cave rings
With sharp clear echoes caught from mountain springs ;
5 This is the season when all torrents run
Beneath no bright glad beauty of the sun.
Here where the trace of last year's green is lost
Are haughty gales and lordships of the frost ;
Far down, by fields forlorn, the forelands bleak,
10 Are wings that fly not, birds that never speak ;
But in the deep hearts of the glens unseen
Stand grave mute forests of eternal green ;
And here the lady born in wind and rain
Comes oft to moan and clap her palms with pain.
15 This is our wild-faced July in whose breast
Is never faultless light or perfect rest.

AUGUST.

Across the range by every scarred black fell
Strong winter blows his horn of wild farewell,
And in the glens where yet there moves no wing
20 A slow sweet voice is singing of the spring.
Yea, where the bright quick woodland torrents run,
A music trembles under rain and sun.
The lips that breathe it are the lips of her
At whose dear touch the wan world's pulses stir :
25 The nymph who sets the bow of promise high
And fills with warm life-light the bleak gray sky.
She is the fair-haired August. Ere she leaves
She brings the woodbine blossom round the eaves ;
And where the bitter barbs of frost have been

She makes a beauty with her gold and green ;
And while a sea-song floats from bay and beach,
She sheds a mist of blossoms on the peach.

SEPTEMBER.

Gray winter hath gone like a wearisome guest
And, behold, for repayment 5
September comes in with the wind of the west
And the spring in her raiment !
The ways of the frost have been filled of the flowers,
While the forest discovers
Wild wings with the halo of hyaline hours 10
And a music of lovers.

September, the maid with the swift silver feet !
She glides and she graces
The valleys of coolness, the slopes of the heat,
With her blossomy traces. 15
Sweet month, with a mouth that is made of a rose,
She lightens and lingers

In spots where the harp of the evening glows
Attuned by her fingers.
The stream from its home in the hollow hill slips 20
In a darling old fashion,
And the day goeth down with a song on its lips
Whose key-note is passion.

Far out in the fierce, bitter front of the sea
I stand and remember 25
Dead things that were brothers and sisters of thee,
Resplendent September.

The west, when it blows at the fall of the noon
And beats on the beaches,

So filled with a tender and tremulous tune
That touches and teaches ;
The stories of youth, of the burden of time,
And the death of Devotion
5 Come back with the wind and are themes of the rhyme
In the waves of the ocean.

We, having a secret to others unknown,
In the cool mountain-mosses
May whisper together, September, alone
10 Of our loves and our losses.
One word for her beauty and one for the place
She gave to the hours,
And then we may kiss her and suffer her face
To sleep with the flowers.

15 High places that knew of the gold and the white
On the forehead of morning
Now darken and quake, and the steps of the night
Are heavy with warning !
Her voice in the distance is lofty and loud
20 Through its echoing gorges ;
She hath hidden her eyes in a mantle of cloud
And her feet in the surges !

On the tops of the hills, on the turreted cones—
Chief temples of thunder—
25 The gale like a ghost in the middle watch moans
Gliding over and under.
The sea flying white through the rack and the rain
Leapeth wild at the forelands,
And the plover whose cry is like passion with pain
30 Complains in the moorlands.

Oh, season of changes, of shadow and shine,
 September the splendid !
 My song hath no music to mingle with thine
 And its burden is ended ;
 But thou, being born of the winds and the sun,
 By mountain, by river,
 May lighten and listen and loiter and run
 With thy voices forever.

OCTOBER.

Where fountains sing and many waters meet
 October comes with blossom-trammelled feet ; 10
 She sheds green glory by the wayside rills
 And clothes with grace the haughty-featured hills.
 This is the queen of all the year. She brings
 The pure chief beauty of our southern springs.
 Fair lady of the yellow hair ! Her breath 15
 Starts flowers to life and shames the storm to death ;
 Through tender nights and days of generous sun
 By prospering woods her clear strong torrents run ;
 In far deep forests, where all life is mute,
 Of leaf and bough she makes a touching lute. 20
 Her life is lovely. Stream and wind and bird
 Have seen her face, her marvellous voice have heard ;
 And in strange tracts of wild-wood all day long
 They tell the story in surpassing song.

NOVEMBER.

Now beats the first warm pulse of summer, now 25
 There shines great glory on the mountain's brow.
 The face of heaven in the western sky,
 When falls the sun, is filled with Deity !

And while the first light floods the lake and lea
The morning makes a marvel of the sea.
The strong leaves sing, and in the deep green zones
Of rock-bound glens the streams have many tones ;
5 And where the evening-colored waters pass
Now glides November down fair falls of grass.
She is the wonder with the golden wings
Who lays one hand in summer's, one in spring's ;
About her hair a sunset radiance glows,
10 Her mouth is sister of the dewy rose,
And all the beauty of the pure blue skies
Has lent its lustre to her soft bright eyes.

DECEMBER.

The month whose face is holiness ! She brings
With her the glory of majestic things.
15 What words of light, what high resplendent phrase.
Have I for all the lustre of her days ?
She comes and carries in her shining sphere
August traditions of the world's great year ;
The noble tale which lifts the human race
20 Has made a morning of her sacred face.
Now in the emerald home of flower and wing
Clear summer streams their sweet hosannas sing.
The winds are full of anthems, and a lute
Speaks in the listening hills when night is mute ;
25 And through dim tracts where talks the royal tree
There floats a grand hymn from the mighty sea ;
And where the gray, grave, pondering mountains stand
High music lives : the place is holy land !

—HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL

APPENDIX.

THE CULTURE USE OF LITERATURE.

BEAUTY AND UTILITY.

THE Greek language has given us two quite different terms, each signifying a book made up of literature—"anthology" and "chrestomathy"—and they are so exceedingly serviceable that they should be more extensively employed. The fundamental idea in "anthology" is the beautiful, in "chrestomathy" the useful. A chrestomathy is a collection of pieces brought together for the purpose of facilitating the study of language, and its chief use is scientific; an anthology is a collection of pieces brought together for the purpose of promoting the study of literature, and its chief use is esthetic. Each sort of compilation is legitimate in its own place, but it is difficult if not impossible to make one and the same collection serve equally well both purposes. This volume of literary selections is intended to be an anthology rather than a chrestomathy. The presence of each selection in it is justifiable on literary and artistic grounds, and each will be found to lend itself aptly to literary and artistic analysis. The field from which all are drawn is wide and varied, and they are intended to be as fairly representative of it as a collection of this size may be made.

IMPORTANCE OF METHOD.

In no other school subject is method of more importance than it is in the culture study of literature, and in no other is the impertinent intermeddling of the inexperienced or inefficient teacher more mischievous. The wise master will allow the author, as much as possible, to do his own teaching of the pupil, and will at first content himself with introducing them to each other in such a way as to secure a prepossession by the author of the pupil's faculties and sympathies. As their mutual acquaintance ripens under his oversight he will find abundant opportunities to direct the attention of the class to what is most deserving of it, but only after all reasonable effort has failed by means of questioning to bring out what he thinks the right interpretation will he exercise his privilege of expressing his own opinion.

VALUE OF ORAL READING.

It is inevitable that the study of literature in schools should be closely connected with the practice of oral reading, and it is as desirable as it is

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unavoidable. The sound of the voice is so essential to the process of interpretation that a teacher who persistently and carefully practises reading aloud will find himself greatly aided by it in his own comprehension of the printed text. If this is true he will *a fortiori* be able to use oral reading effectively as a means of making his class collectively and individually acquainted with the author through his work. The mind may be reached through the ear as well as through the eye, and both should be used in the study of literature. Moreover, until the pupil gives his interpretation of a passage by reading it aloud the teacher cannot know precisely what it is. No questioning can be made sufficiently minute or searching to bring it fully to light.

INTERPRETATION BY THE PUPIL.

It follows from what has been said that every selection in the anthology should be dealt with in some way that will leave the pupil free to work out his own apprehension of it. Culture has no necessary relation to any particular interpretation, but it is absolutely conditioned on the pupil's finding an interpretation for himself. What he arrives at may have little intrinsic value for any other person, but if it is really his own it is invaluable to him. Wise and not too suggestive class questioning will result probably in a modification of the pupil's opinions by attrition and possibly in some enlargement of the teacher's own views. These may be usefully given at the close of the discussion, not as dogmatic substitutes for all the previous interpretations but as suggested alternatives for after consideration. It is unnecessary to add that the pupil should never be informed beforehand what he may expect to find in a prescribed selection, and that not a single word of explanation should ever be given until he has had a chance to do all he can for himself. A good but not necessarily voluminous lexicon is indispensable in the study of literature.

DETAILS OF CLASS WORK.

Every selection should be used in the class for three distinct purposes, apart from its use as one of a group for comparative study. These may be thus succinctly described:—

1. After having been previously assigned without any hint or explanation of any sort whatever, the selection should be made a subject of general discussion with books closed, for the purpose of eliciting opinions on such topics as the author's standpoint and method, his use of artistic devices to accomplish his purpose, his outlook on nature and humanity, his descriptive or dramatic power, the characters he introduces and the parts he assigns to them in his sketch or narrative, the use he makes of his own imagination, and the methods by which he secures the exercise of the same faculty in others. Such questioning as will serve

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this purpose will also enable the teacher to ascertain whether the prescribed private reading has been effectively done by the pupils.

2. In the second treatment of the selection it should be minutely dissected with books open, for the purpose of securing complete mastery of the author's modes of expression. Questions should be asked the correct answers to which will involve the use by the pupils of every important or unusual or difficult word or phrase in the whole piece. This analysis is a necessary preparation for intelligent oral reading, and it may be made highly serviceable in securing improved pronunciation and enunciation.
3. The third use of the selection in class is reading it aloud, and the teacher, in order to be in a position to ascertain what the reader's interpretation really is, should hear the lesson without seeing it. One who is both hearing and seeing cannot tell how much of his own comprehension of the passage he obtains through the eye and how much through the ear. It should be assumed that the pupil knows and is able to explain why he makes use of certain pauses, certain tones of voice, certain degrees of emphasis, and so on. These are all means of conveying the reader's interpretation of the piece to the hearer, and they should be kept strictly auxiliary to that purpose and should not be used aimlessly or carelessly. Oral reading as a sequel to literary study may be made one of the most effective means of culture available in educational work.

ANALYSIS OF A SELECTION

The opportunities afforded in school for the culture use of literature will be comparatively wasted if they do not leave the pupil in possession of a method of dealing subsequently with other literature for himself. Definite rules to effect this cannot be usefully laid down or followed, but some general considerations may profitably be borne in mind, and in accordance with these the pupil should be advised to prepare himself for his daily class work. Intelligent interpretation of literature thus becomes habitual, and as the treatment of literature is never stereotyped he is not likely to become the victim of empty formalism. This is independent work. The following are a few of the considerations referred to :-

1. Every piece of literature that is prescribed for study should be characterized as far as possible by artistic completeness and organic unity. Some relaxation of this dictum has been allowed in the preparation of this anthology in order to secure selections from the works of great prose writers, but even in those cases care has been taken to make the excerpts as self-contained as possible. There is quite as much of artistic purpose discernible in "Rip Van Winkle" or "David Swan" as there is in "The Ancient

Mariner," "King Robert of Sicily," or "The Italian in England." An artistic result implies an ideal realized, and the ideal should be discoverable by the analytic study of the resulting product.

2. The first and most important task devolving on the student is to become acquainted with the prescribed or selected text as a whole. This may be accomplished only by successive readings of it as a whole. The important purpose so served will not be served by any study of it piece by piece, however thoroughly it may be done. The impression left by a first perusal will necessarily be dim and confused, but subsequent readings will deepen it, correct misapprehensions, and clear up apparent inconsistencies, till out of the mass of confusion emerges something like an adequate view of the author's artistic work in its completeness and beauty.
3. Analysis of the work in the right spirit, so far from destroying the student's interest in its beauty, is likely to enhance it. If the composition has been artistically put together there will be a certain discoverable relation among the parts, and between each of them and the whole work. The botanist who contents himself with the dissection of a flower for scientific purposes derive no esthetic satisfaction from its form and color, but one may after enjoying its beauty increase his pleasure indefinitely by taking it to pieces to ascertain how they are related to each other and to the whole.
4. A piece of literature may be analyzed for any one of several purposes. The student may desire to study its rhetorical structure to obtain a clear idea of the author's subdivisions of his subject-matter, of his manner of constructing paragraphs, of his use of figurative language, or of the character of his diction as regards form of sentence and choice of words. He may have in mind the investigation of the logical structure of sentences for the purpose of ascertaining the part each word or group of words plays in the formation of the statements which make up the whole discourse. His intention may be to make a special study of individual words for the purpose of becoming acquainted with their history and uses. Or, in the case of poetry, he may have in view a revelation of the devices by means of which the poet has produced the rhythmical form that is the most characteristic feature of English verse. All this may be done, however, in a purely scientific spirit, as the botanist may dissect a flower or the mineralogist break up a crystal, in either case for the mere purpose of laying bare its structure.
5. There is another kind of analysis which differs essentially from all of these, and to which they should all be made subsidiary in so far as they find a place in the culture use of literature. It is

prompted by an æsthetic rather than a scientific motive. The composition is viewed from an emotional rather than an intellectual standpoint. The purpose of the exercise is to secure enjoyment rather than to acquire information. It is a study of the ideal rather than of the actual. It matters not, for example, whether such a person as Saladin, or Socrates, or King Arthur, or Rip Van Winkle, or Rosabelle, or Barn, or Katie Willows ever lived; the literary compositions in which they figure have an interest and a value quite independent of all questions of historical or biographical fact.

6. There is a place in every school time-table for the study of rhetoric, and grammar, and philology, and prosody, and it is right and necessary that they should receive their due measure of attention. It is not wise, however, to allow them to become too prominent in the hours, all too few at the most, devoted to the study of literature as a preparation of the pupil for life. He has been laboriously and painfully taught to read, and therefore it is all important that he should be trained to select the right kind of reading matter and to make the right use of it. If this question of "what" and "how" is approached from the point of view of emotional pleasure, the chief advantage of literary utility the chief advantage of literary training for the teacher and pupils is likely to be missed altogether. The great majority of people, after school life is over, read books not as a means of recreation, and to ignore this obvious and momentous fact during a pupil's school period is to leave the emotional side of his nature, which is the one most potent for good or evil in his life, to go without systematic training. Why should the prevalent habit of reading books that are trashy, or worse, be a cause of surprise when so little is done by education to counteract in advance the evil influences of environment?

COMPARATIVE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

While it is a great advantage for both teacher and pupils to have a selection of high literary merit to analyze, it is a still greater advantage to have along with it other selections dealing with the same or a closely related theme and thus affording an opportunity for comparative study. We never know one thing until we know two that are similar but not identical. It is important as well as interesting to note how kindred subjects are dealt with by different authors, as to both thought and form. Some write in prose, others in poetry. Of prose writers one selects narrative, another dissertation. Of poetical writers some produce lyrics, some epics, and some dramas. Of each class some are humorous, others pathetic; some grave, others gay; some matter-of-fact, others imaginative; some intensely rapid, others slow to tedious.

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ness; and so on. The selections in this volume have been arranged in groups that are intended to facilitate comparative study, but these groups may be varied and extended almost indefinitely by the intelligent and ingenious teacher without going beyond the limits of this anthology. Needless to say, a still greater extent and variety of matter for comparative study may be had by drawing on the literature outside of it.

GROUPS OF SELECTIONS.

The first group (9-22) has for its theme domestic affection in varying manifestations. Cowper's beautiful and pathetic poem was occasioned by the unexpected gift of his mother's picture, which came into his possession late in life. The "roughness" of that life was due largely to the over-sensitiveness of his own temperament. "Dora" is a contrast to "The Brook" in several ways that will repay careful attention. Like the latter, the first two poems of the group are idyllic in character. The full title of Wordsworth's poem is "Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont"; it is really an elegy on the death of a beloved brother, who is referred to in the eighth stanza and is the subject of "The Character of the Happy Warrior." Tennyson's poem in this group is the seventy-ninth "song" or canto of "In Memoriam" (see notes below). Other selections in the anthology may be advantageously compared with these, such as "The Little Midshipman," "Rosabelle," and "The Happy Warrior." Compare also "Life, Death, and Immortality" (pp. 202, 203).

The events that form part of our experience just when they happen are but a few out of many which come in one way or another very close to us, though at the time and perhaps altogether they escape our notice. The selections in the second group (23-46) deal with this aspect of human life. The last of the four is Canto VI. of "In Memoriam."

The supernatural has always been a favorite theme in literature, and three selections (47-99) have been inserted as illustrative of the use of spectres. Other modes of dealing with the unseen world and its inhabitants are found in "King Robert of Sicily," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Death of Arthur," "The Passing of Arthur," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "The Fairies." The ballad, "Rosabelle," is taken from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," but it suffers no impairment by separation from the context. As a ballad it may be compared with "The Irish Emigrant," "The Ride to Aix," "The Glove and The Lions," and "The Tomb of Arthur," which exhibit some of the "ballad" characteristics.

The horse occupies a prominent and honored place in literature ancient and modern, and five selections (99-118) are assigned to it as a common theme. The "Crusader and Saracen" is excerpted and abridged from Scott's "Talisman," one of the Waverley novels. Medi-

several and modern methods of warfare in this and the following selection are brought into contrast, the difference being due chiefly to the invention of gunpowder. As to the personality of Saladin, who is the Saracen warrior here introduced, see also "King Richard and Saladin" below.

The romance of history is one of its most interesting aspects, and that it lends itself effectively to that artistic treatment which is indispensable to "literature" has been amply proved by Scott and a host of his successors in the use of the "historical romance." Certain historic characters and incidents have been favorites with great writers, and selections dealing with several of these are inserted here (118-137). "King Richard and Saladin" is taken, somewhat abridged, from "The Talisman," as "King Richard and Robin Hood" is from "Ivanhoe." Leigh Hunt treats the well-known glove incident as it is current in literature; Browning handles it with characteristic but interesting audacity of innovation. Comparisons may be usefully made with the "Crusader and Saracen" above, and with "King Robert of Sicily," "The Death of Arthur," "The Passing of Arthur," and "The Tomb of Arthur" below.

For various historical reasons the English language has become itself a theme suitable for literary treatment in English, and five selections (137-156) have been devoted to it. Addison's paper on the subject is one of the essays contributed by him to "The Spectator." The selections attributed to Trench and Max Müller are taken from their well-known lectures republished in book form. None of these are inserted for their special scientific value, as philological speculation speedily becomes antiquated; nevertheless they all contain or suggest topics of scientific as well as literary interest. The metrical structure of Story's ingenious poem is worthy of careful study.

The relation of life here to death, as its close, and to a life to come is the subject of more writing than any other theme. Thirteen selections (156-204) are here used with it as their common topic. "The Apology of Socrates" is that passage of Plato's "Apology" which contains Socrates' address to the judges after they had condemned him to death. "The Death of Socrates" is excerpted and abridged from his "Phaedo." It is probable that Plato was present at the trial and that in the "Apology" he reports correctly the substance of Socrates' address. It is equally probable that he was not present at the death of his master, and therefore he puts the narrative in the mouth of Phaedo, who was one of the little company. These passages may usefully be compared with those in the four Gospels which give an account of the later sayings and of the death of Jesus Christ. The alleged offence for which Socrates was condemned and executed was that he did not believe in the Athenian "gods" and that he taught the Athenian youth not to believe in them; his real offence appears to have been his persistence in constraining

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people by his questioning to give attention to the serious aspects of life and destiny. "The Imitation of Christ," as here used, is made up of aphorisms taken from different parts of the great devotional work of Thomas à Kempis. There is some reason to believe that Wordsworth's ideal in the "Character of the Happy Warrior" is made up of traits borrowed from Lord Nelson and also from his own brother. See "Elegiac Stanzas" above (190), and also note below on the same poem. "Life, Death, and Immortality" is made up of Cantos xxxi-xxxiv, xxxvi of "In Memoriam." Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur" may be profitably taken into comparison with the members of this group, and also his "Ode on the Death of Wellington."

No natural object has attracted to itself more literary interest than the bird, and thirteen selections (205-241) have been inserted as having it for their common subject. "The Tragedies of Birds' Nests" is taken in an abbreviated form from Burroughs' "Birds and Bees," one of the most exquisite of his many essays on topics drawn from nature. This selection and several of the poems in the same group breathe the spirit of that intense sympathy with animal life which has prompted the production of such well-known books by Canadian authors as Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known" and Roberts' "Heart of the Ancient Wood." Some of the birds mentioned in the poems, such as the cuckoo and the blackbird, are not to be confounded with those in America known by the same names. The song-sparrow or whitethroat is quite common in both Canada and the United States.

The three selections (242-261) dealing with King Arthur are here brought together for the first time, and they form an ideal group for comparative study. Malory's crude narrative is somewhat abridged and modernized. The work from which it is taken is noted as having been one of the books printed by Caxton soon after he set up his press in England in 1477. Tennyson's artistic poem is that part of the "Passing of Arthur" which he first published in 1842 under the name of "Morte d'Arthur." Those who have made themselves acquainted with the real character of the somewhat rough but sincere Henry II. will easily accept the incident of De Vere's fine ballad as not improbable.

The next eight selections (261-288) comprise a group of character-sketches, some being purely descriptive, others intensely dramatic. "Sir Roger de Coverley" is made up of excerpts from three of Addison's "Spectator" sketches, abridged and consolidated. Irving's "Country Gentleman" is taken from one of the papers in his "Sketch-Book." O'Connell (1775-1847) was a great political agitator who for many years used his influence to prevent the discontented people of Ireland from resorting to physical force; after his death they broke out in the "Young Ireland" uprising of 1848. Browning lived much in Italy, and both he and his wife felt and expressed sympathy with the Italians in their efforts to shake off the Austrian yoke. His "Englishman in Italy" is a com-

panion poem, but one of a very different sort. The "Lotos-eaters" and "Ulysses" are a contrasted pair, the former setting forth an embodiment of amiable indolence, the latter a type of irrepressible and indefatigable energy. Ulysses was one of the Grecian chiefs who took part in the siege of Troy, and after its capture he wandered many years in his return to Ithaca. He visited the land of the lotos-eaters by the way, and some of his companions ate of the fruit. "Village Characters" is excerpted from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." There are many other character-sketches in the anthology besides these, among them David Swan, Saladin, Richard L., Robin Hood, Socrates, King A Hur, the Angler, Philip Willows, Lord Clive, the Duke of Wellington, and several in "Rip Van Winkle."

"The Angler" and "The Brook" (289-301) are inserted as a pair of perfect specimens of the "English Idyll," but there are many other idyllic selections, such as "My Mother's Picture," "Dora," "The Little Midshipman," "David Swan," "The Death of Arthur," "The Passing of Arthur," "The Sleeping Beauty," and several of the selections dealing with birds. The element of narrative may or may not be present in a good idyll, but that of highly wrought picturesque description cannot be dispensed with. "The Angler" is excerpted from Irving's paper of the same title in his "Sketch-Book."

Of the three selections 301-313 embodying fairy lore the two versions of the legend of the "Sleeping Beauty" afford a good opportunity to contrast a crude prose form with an exquisite poetical one. In the later editions of his poems Tennyson's is to be found in an equally beautiful poetical setting under the name of "The Day Dream," which contains interesting glimpses of his theory of the poetic art.

The purpose of the next group (314-335) is to bring together two of Great Britain's successful generals who were also statesmen. Tennyson's "Ode" was written on the occasion of Wellington's death and burial; as printed here it is somewhat abridged. "Lord Clive" is taken in a highly abbreviated form from Macaulay's essay of the same title. Wellington won his first great military success at Assaye in India against the Mahrattas; the Mahrattas came to the rescue of Clive when he was besieged in Arcot (322, above). If Clive had not broken down in health he would probably have been put in command of the forces sent to reduce the American colonies to submission, and it is interesting to conjecture how the course of history might have been affected by such an incident.

Contentment as a philosophy of life is the theme of the next five selections (335-353). Addison's essay is abridged from the "Spectator." The passage from Horace was translated by Horneek, who was an older contemporary of Addison. In Sir Edward Dyer's celebrated poem the Elizabethan spelling has been preserved for the purpose of showing the reader what it was like. It may be usefully considered in connection

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with philological statements made by Trench and Max Müller (113-119 above).

The next group (353-386) deals in various ways with the evolution of Canada as a self-governing state, an integral part of the British Empire, and one of the nations that have adopted and adapted the sociological institutions developed in the British Islands. The plea by Sir John Macdonald for the acceptance of the present federal constitution of the Dominion is taken from the speech made by him in the session of 1865, in the Parliament of the former Province of Canada, when he moved the adoption of the "Quebec Resolutions" of 1864. Like all truly statesmanlike utterances it will be found at once historic and prophetic. Mr. Howe's speech, delivered at a reciprocal trade convention held the same year in Detroit, is more rhapsodical but suggests a wider outlook. The passages from the speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Charles Tupper, delivered in the Canadian House of Commons on the South African war, have been selected as marking a new departure in the military relations of Canada and the other self-governing colonies to the Empire at large. The extract from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech on the death of Queen Victoria emphasizes the idea that the monarch of the British Isles is also the sovereign of every part of the Empire, and, as such, a bond of union among the widely sundered nations which are its members. The occasion of the poem on the "Canadians on the Nile" was the organization of a corps of Canadian civilian volunteers to accompany Lord Wolseley's expedition for the relief of General Gordon. They were selected as being specially adapted for river boating, on account of their experience in similar work on Canadian streams. Tennyson's "Hands All Round" belongs to the period of the revolution which left Napoleon III. Emperor of France. The line "We likewise have our evil things" suggests comparison with Kipling's "Recessional," which was written on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897. The first two stanzas will be found in *fac-simile* on p. 8 of this anthology; the remaining three are as follows:—

Far called our navies melt away ;
On dune and headland sinks the fire ;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe ;
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust
And guarding calls not Thee to guard;
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

If "that man's the best cosmopolite who loves his native country best" this group of selections should, in the hands of intelligent and patriotic teachers, prove an effective means of inculcating incidentally a spirit of rational patriotism. Its most striking characteristic is the absence of the glorification so common in this kind of literature.

The last group (387-402) is intended to bring pointedly into view the magnanimous spirit in which, during the past two and a half centuries, Great Britain has dealt with her colonies, especially in the way of conceding to them—"frankly," as Mr. Gladstone says—the right to manage their own domestic affairs. The latest outcome of this policy is the formation of the "Commonwealth of Australia" in imitation of the "Dominion of Canada"; neither Canadians nor Australians would have taken part in the war in South Africa but for their belief that it would speedily lead to the establishment of a similar nationality there. "Kin Beyond Sea" is an excerpt from the author's essay of the same title in the "North American Review" for September, 1878.

GLOSSARIAL ANNOTATIONS.*

Elysian (9, 19): From "Elysium," the place allotted in ancient mythology to the souls of those who deserved to live happily after death.

Pastoral (11, 2): Cowper's father was an Anglican rector.

Albion (12, 5): A poetical name for England.

Rugged pile (18, 18): Peele Castle, as it appeared in a picture painted by Sir George Beaumont.

Deep distress (19, 20): Due to the death by drowning of a favorite brother, commander of a ship in the East India Company's service.

More...me (20, 17): This is the last line of Canto IX. of "In Memoriam," where it is addressed

to Arthur Henry Hallam, the subject of that poem.

Noble heart (20, 18): Charles Tennyson, the poet's brother.

Spinet (44, 17): A stringed instrument of music.

Astral (44, 18): A kind of lamp which gives an exceptionally good light.

Galligaskins (51, 11): Large open hose or trousers.

Junto (53, 27): Spanish term for a select council or assembly.

Jerkin (57, 15): A diminutive of the Dutch term for a coat or frock; a kind of jacket.

Doublet (58, 24): A close-fitting and somewhat short coat.

Hanger (59, 8): A short broadsword.

* The numbers in black type indicate the pages, those in light type the lines.

Hollands (63, 12): Gin imported from Holland.

Babylonish jargon (66, 10): The confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel.

Eft-soons (75, 12): "Soon after" inverted.

Ken (77, 3): Originally "know"; it means here "see."

Swoond (77, 8): Archaic form of "swoon."

Wist (80, 14): Past tense of the Old English "wit," to know.

Gramercy (80, 26): Originally the French for "great thanks"; it has degenerated here into a mere interjection.

Sheen (86, 6): Bright, shining.

Jargoning (87, 26): This word in Old French meant the singing of birds.

Seer (97, 19): Literally one who sees; here it means one gifted with "second sight," a superhuman insight believed in by the people of the place and time of the incident narrated.

Roslin (97, 24): A castle and chapel seven miles south of Edinburgh.

Ring they ride (98, 1): In this game the horse-man, riding at full speed, tried to carry off on his lance a ring suspended from a beam.

Caftan (100, 7): Generally "Kaftan," a long loose robe worn in the East.

Minie (106, 10): A peculiar kind of rifle bullet named after the inventor, a French officer.

Gaelic rock (106, 17): The ninety-third regiment (Highland).

Corps d'élite (107, 8): A select body.

Soldan (119, 1): Doublet for "Sultan."

Excalibur (121, 27): In the story of King Arthur by Malory two swords of this name are mentioned. One was imbedded in a stone, and Arthur secured his kingship by drawing it out after others had tried in vain to do so. For an account of the manner of obtaining the other, as well as a description of the sword itself, see Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur" (248-252 below).

Gramarye (122, 26): Sorcery.

Hakim (123, 16): Saladin, in the guise of a physician, had visited Richard's camp and cured the king of a dangerous illness.

Mahound (124, 2): A corruption of "Mohammed," used by Europeans in the Middle Ages as a synonym of "Satan."

Mot (124, 23): A brief musical strain.

Forfend (125, 1): Avert.

Rascaille (125, 29): Rabble.

Morlon (126, 15): A metal helmet without a visor.

Coeur-de-Lion (129, 12): Lion-hearted.

King Francis (130, 12): Francis I. of France.

Peter (132, 10): Pierre de Ronsard, a French poet of the third quarter of the sixteenth century, who is supposed to be telling the story.

Naso (132, 12): Publius Ovidius Naso, commonly called "Ovid," a Roman poet of the time of Augustus.

Ixion (132, 14): A mythological king who became a type of those who win illusory joys.

Clement Marot (133, 16): A French poet contemporary with but somewhat older than Pierre de Ronsard.

Illum....Tribu (133, 21): That lion of the tribe of Judah.

Nonchalance (134, 23): Lack of earnestness.

Human....behooves (135, 30): Explain the syntactical construction.

Nemean (137, 8): Killing the Nemean lion was the first of the "twelve labors" required of Hercules.

Maugre (137, 15): The old French form of *malgré*, in spite of.

Hudibras (141, 18): The hero of a poem written by Samuel Butler after the Restoration.

Sesquipedalian....word (151, 13): Here an unusually long word.

Pegasus (151, 22): The winged horse of the Muses in Greek mythology.

Sesquialtro, diapason (153, 3): Names of "stops" in the organ.

Karoo (154, 16): The South African term for a high table-land of clay which is void of vegetation in the dry season.

Southern Cross (155, 4): Several stars arranged in the form of a cross close to the celestial pole of the southern hemisphere.

Athenians (156, 5): This term is applied to the whole of the 501 members of the court which tried Socrates; when he addresses the 250 who voted for his acquittal he calls them "judges." (See 159 and following pages.)

Monitor (159, 18): Whether this was, in Socrates' own opinion, a supernatural being or merely a power of arriving rapidly and perhaps intuitively at certain moral judgments, cannot be definitely decided.

Great King (160, 23): The king of Persia.

Him (161, 25): Agamemnon.

Odysseus (161, 26): Ulysses (see 283-285).

The Eleven (165, 13): The officials appointed to inspect the prisons and carry out the sentences of the courts. One was chosen from each of the ten tribes, and the eleventh was their secretary.

Aesclepius (168, 28): The Greek form of the name "Æsculapius." He was the first to practise the physician's art, and was after his death worshipped as a god of medicine.

Thebes (172, 9): A city of Upper Egypt, occupying both sides of the Nile, not far below the First Cataract. The "Memnonium" is one of several colossal statues to be found among its ruins.

Allem. Jne (179, 2): Germany.

Magnificat (179, 6): The first word of the Latin version of the song of the Virgin Mary. (Luke i. 46-55.)

Deposuit . . . humiles (179, 9-10): A quotation from the song of Mary. See note above (179, 6.)

Jester (181, 21): Compare Scott's description of "Wamba" (124-128) above.

Angelus (185, 11): The bell rung to announce the time when the "Angelus," an invocation to the Virgin Mary, is to be recited.

Holy Graft (186, 12): The cup used by Christ at the last supper. It disappeared after having been brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea, and those who were afterwards able to see it attained to perfect holiness.

Catskills (207, 19): Compare with the Dutch form, Kaatskill 47.

Cedmon (216, 4): A Saxon monk of the seventh century in England, and author of one of the earliest extant specimens of Anglo-Sax in verse.

Sound (216, 17): Adjoining Long Island.

Cassandra (217, 2): A Trojan prophetess.

Edwards (217, 20): Jonathan Edwards, one of the early presidents of Princeton University.

Plato (219, 1): See biographical notice 416. The reference is to his ideal of a state contained in the dialogue entitled "The Republic."

St. Francis (225, 14): Born at Assisi in 1182. The founder of the Franciscan order of friars and noted for his excessive sympathy with nature.

Black-hearts (228, 7): Cherries.

Jenneting (228, 12): An early summer apple.

Lethe (235, 17): The river of forgetfulness in the infernal regions, according to Grecian mythology.

Dryad (235, 20): A mythological nymph who presided over trees, especially the oak.

Flora (235, 26): The mythological goddess of flowers.

Provençal (235, 27): The troubadours of Provence in the south of France made that country famous by their songs in the Middle Ages.

Hippocrene (236, 2): A fountain near Mount Helicon in Greece, and a favorite resort of the Muses.

Valentine (238, 12): A mate.

Dight (239, 23): Arrayed.

Lief (244, 18): Beloved.

Wap, wan (244, 28): To beat on the shore and recede.

Wend (245, 2): Past participle of the verb "ween," to think.

Vale of Avilion (246, 18): Sometimes "Avalon," the abode of the blessed in Keltic mythology, identified in the Arthurian legends with "Glastonbury," where Joseph of Arimathea is fabled to have taken up his abode. See note above (186, 12).

Holts hoar (246, 26): Hoary woods.

Bezant (247, 14): A Byzantine coin; usually "bezant."

Table (247, 20): The "Round Table," an association of knights bound by a common oath; instituted by King Arthur.

Lyonnesse (247, 21): See Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur" in the "Idylls of the King," ll. 79-87. Lyonnesse is supposed to have extended from Cornwall to the Scilly Islands, a region now submerged.

Camelot (248, 12): King Arthur's capital.

Merlin (248, 14): The seer, bard, and artist of King Arthur's court.

King Henry (256, 18): Henry II. of England.

Unknown tongue (257, 6): The Keltic language; Henry and his courtiers spoke Norman French.

Yonder pile (258, 24): Glastonbury Abbey.

Saint Joseph's church (259, 17): See Tennyson's "Holy Grail," ll. 46-68.

Genevra (260, 13): Guinevere, Arthur's Queen.

Conqueror (260, 20): William I. **Society** (261, 13): The "Club" of which the "Spectator," presumably Addison himself, was a member. The society is fictitious, and so is "Sir Roger de Coverley."

Valet de chambre (263, 20): A personal attendant.

First visited (270, 2): Johnson addressed the prospectus of his dictionary to Lord Chesterfield.

Le vainqueur... terre (270, 5): The conqueror of the conqueror of the world.

Shepherd (270, 27): The reference seems to be to Gallus, the subject of Virgil's tenth eclogue.

Boasted... servant (271, 21-24): See note above (270, 2).

Metternich, Von (276, 19): Minister of Foreign Affairs in Austria from 1809 to 1848.

Crypt (277, 13): Used here in its original meaning of "hiding-place."

Duomo (278, 15): The cathedral.

Tenebrae (278, 16): A religious service of Holy Week, formerly celebrated at midnight. "Tenebrae" is the Latin for darkness.

Galligate (282, 3): A rare marsh plant found in the south of England.

Lotos (282, 7): According to a Greek myth the effect of eating the fruit of this tree was to make the eater forget his own country and remain idle in the land of the lotos.

Hyades (283, 10): A group of several stars arranged in the form of the letter V, forming part of the zodiacal constellation Taurus. When they rose with the sun the ancients expected a rainy season.

Isle (284, 4): The island of Ithaca.

Happy Isles (285, 2): The Grecian mythological islands of the blest were fabled to lie far off to the west, but their precise location is never given. Conjecture has identified them with the Cape Verde and also with the Canary Islands.

Izaak Walton (290, 6): An English writer of the time of the Stuarts. His best known work is his "Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation."

Piscator (290, 25): One of the characters in the "Complete Angler," representing the author himself.

Scrip, share (294, 4): "Share" is a specified portion of the stock in a joint-stock company; "scrip" is the written evidence of its ownership.

Cent for cent (294, 5): A hundred per cent.

Make (294, 7): The term "poet" means a maker according to its derivation.

Pentagram (297, 9): A five-pointed star; probably used here in allusion to its use in Goethe's "Faust."

Fête (301, 16): A festival.

Motherkin (303, 1): A diminutive of "mother," used here as a term of endearment, in imitation of the usage of the original German.

Crescent-bark (313, 12): The moon.

Wallenstein (319, 7): A celebrated general who fought for the German Emperor in the Thirty Years' war.

Mighty Seaman (330, 20): Admiral Nelson.

Sober freedom (331, 27): Compare Tennyson's three companion-poems: "You ask me why," "Of old sat Freedom on the heights," and "Love thou thy land," and also his later poem entitled "Freedom."

The sacred coasts (332, 4): The Duke of Wellington at his death was Warden of the Cinque Ports. See Longfellow's poem on his death in that office.

Socrates (335, 18): For some hints on Socrates' philosophy of life see Plato's version of his "Apology" and account of his death, 156-169 above.

Horace...further (335, 21): See 343, 344 below.

Maccenas (343, 17): A statesman who acted as a minister of state under the Emperor Augustus at Rome. He was the intimate friend and liberal patron of Virgil and Horace.

Fabius (344, 7): A Roman general who baffled the great Hannibal by adopting purely defensive tactics and a policy of "delay."

Plenipo...St. James (345, 15): United States Minister to Great Britain.

Gubernator (345, 18): Latin for "Governor."

Titian, Raphael, Turner (346, 8-10): Celebrated painters, Titian and Raphael in Italy, Turner in England.

Stradivarius (346, 23): A violin so named from its maker, a resident of Cremona in Italy.

Of buhl (346, 28): Ornamented with inlaid patterns.

Midas (347, 2): A Phrygian king whose desire, that everything he touched might turn to gold, was for his own misfortune granted to him.

Mide, kingdom (347, 7): These and many other words of this poem are in the spelling of the time of Elizabeth.

Brooke (348, 16): "Tolerate," or perhaps "enjoy."

Cresus (348, 20): A king of Lydia, contemporary of Solon, the Athenian lawgiver.

Ne (349, 7): "Nor." The life of a courtier and that of a carter are alike indifferent to me.

Lust (349, 19): Strong desire.

Curfew (349, 20): Originally *couvre feu* (cover fire), an order issued by William I. of England that on the ringing of a bell people should extinguish fires and retire to rest.

Coke...Story (361, 3): Coke was Chief Justice of England in the reign of James I. and Mansfield in that of George III. Marshall was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Story was one of his associates.

The last (362, 10): The war of 1812-15.

Shortly (367, 1): The confederation of the Australian colonies into one "Commonwealth" became an accomplished fact on the first day of January, 1901.

Boers (367, 18): This word means in the Dutch language "peasants," and especially those engaged in agriculture.

One...volunteers (374, 24-26): The garri-on referred to is that of Halifax, from which the British regular troops had been withdrawn to take part in the war in South Africa.

Cestus (378, 21): The girdle of Venus on which was represented by embroidery everything that could awaken love.

This strong North (379, 8): Compare Tennyson's "That true north" in his dedicatory epilogue to the "Idylls of the King."

Thirty-eight...territories (387, 3-4): Since 1875, when this essay was written, these numbers have increased, and they are still occasionally enlarged.

Venice...Holland (388, 7): The reference is to the commercial supremacy of these three states during mediæval and early modern history.

Infant States (391, 23): The American colonies during the period of their early development under representative institutions—say from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century.

Praxis, Polesis (391, 23-24): The former of these terms is from *prassein*, to do; the latter is from *poiein*, to make; both verbs are Greek.

Austral (392, 12): Southern; derived from *Auster*, the south wind.

Weal (392, 16): Prosperity, welfare. "Well" and "wealth" are from the same origin.

Maldens (392, 25): The Provinces of New South Wales, Vic-

toria, South Australia, West Australia, Queensland, and Tasmania, which have been united to form the "Commonwealth" of Australia.

This day (393, 25): The first of January, 1901.

Demeter (395, 13): The Greek goddess of this name is identified by mythologists with the Roman goddess, Ceres. Each was related to the pursuit of agriculture, hence the use of the name here. See Tennyson's poem, "Demeter and Persephone."

September (399): The difference in metre between this and the other sections of the poem is due to the fact that this was published as a separate composition and afterwards set in place here.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Addison, Joseph (1672-1719), famous as a prose writer. His chief work was his essays in the "Spectator" (1709-1714).

A Kempis, Thomas (1380-1471), spent most of his life in a monastery, and wrote the "Imitation of Christ" in Latin.

Browning, Robert (1812-1889), spent most of his middle life in Italy and wrote much on Italian subjects. His genius was essentially dramatic.

Bryant, William Cullen (1794-1878), was an American poet. He wrote most of his poems in early life.

Barroughs, John (1837), a prose writer on nature subjects; a resident of New York State.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor (1772-1834), an English poet of rare genius and originality, but incapable of steady work. His literary criticisms are unrivalled in value and suggestiveness.

Cowper, William (1731-1800), began his literary career late in life, but wrote much valuable poetry and left a collection of interesting letters. He was subject to spells of despondency with occasional lapses into insanity.

De Vere, Aubrey Thomas (1814), a voluminous and versatile writer in prose and verse, was born in Ireland.

Dufferin, Lady (1807-1857), was a granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a sister of Hon. Mrs. Norton and mother of Lord Dufferin. Her poetry is mainly lyric.

Dyer, Sir Edward (1540), was a courtier of the reign of Elizabeth.

Edgar, Sir James David (1841-1899), was a native of Quebec and a legal practitioner in Toronto. He was Speaker of the House of Commons at the time of his death.

Evans, George Essex, a resident of Queensland, Australia.

Gladstone, William Ewart (1809-1898), born in England of Scottish parentage, was eminent in both politics and literature. He was by nature and culture a great orator, and also a master of public finance.

Goldsmith, Oliver (1728-1774), a native of Ireland, spent his literary life in London, where he was intimate with Samuel Johnson, Edmund

Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. His best known prose work is "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Grimm, Jacob (1785-1863), an eminent philological scholar, was the author of many well-known fairy tales.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel (1804-1864), a native of Massachusetts, was one of the most versatile and popular of the world's prose writers.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (1809-1890), was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and spent much of his later life as a professor of medicine in Harvard University. He was equally eminent as a poet and prose writer, his most prominent characteristic being a sense of humor.

Hood, Edwin Paxton (1820-1885), an English dissenting clergyman, **Horace** (Quintus Horatius Flaccus), a Roman poet of the Augustan age, and a friend of the poet Virgil.

Howe, Joseph (1804-1873), a native of Nova Scotia, became noted as a journalist, politician, and orator.

Hunt, James Henry Leigh (1780-1859), a Radical English journalist, was a critic as well as an author.

Ingel, w. Jean (1830), a popular English writer of prose and verse.

Irryng, Washington (1783-1859), one of the most eminent of prose writers, was a native of New York, where he resided when he was not abroad. He was a noted historian, essayist, and humorist.

Johnson, Samuel (1709-1784), is best known by his great "English Dictionary" published in 1752, but he was also an essayist, critic, and poet.

Kents, John (1795-1820), was a native and resident of London. He wrote little poetry but enough to serve as a basis for enduring fame.

Kendall, Henry Clarence (1841-1882), a characteristic Australian poet, was a native of New South Wales, where most of his life was spent, chiefly in journalism.

Knox, William (1789-1825), was a native of Scotland and resided mostly in Edinburgh. His poems are chiefly lyrical.

Laurier, Sir Wilfrid (1847), was born in Quebec Province, where he has constantly resided. He has been by turns journalist, lawyer, and statesman, but always *par excellence* an orator. He became Premier of Canada in 1866.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (1807-1882), was a native of the State of Maine, but spent most of his life in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he was for years a professor in Harvard University. He is the most popular if not the most eminent of American poets.

Lowell, James Russell (1819-1891), was born in Boston, and spent most of his life there, part of it as successor to Longfellow in Harvard University, and part as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." He was equally eminent as poet and prose writer.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington (1800-1859), a native of England of Scottish parentage, was one of the greatest writers of English prose. His essays and his History of England are his chief works, but he also wrote popular poems.

Mcdonald, Sir John Alexander (1815-1891), was a native of Scotland but came young to Canada, where he became a distinguished statesman. He was several times Prime Minister, and held that office at the time of his death.

Malory, Sir Thomas (date unknown), wrote before 1485 when his "Morte d'Arthur" was first printed by Caxton.

Marsden, John Howard (1803-1889), one of the minor English poets, wrote several compositions of great merit.

Max Müller, Friedrich (1823-1900), a German by birth, was for many years a professor in Oxford University. He was a noted philological and oriental scholar.

Phillips, Wendell (1811-1884), was one of the most famous of American orators, and an ardent advocate of the abolition of negro slavery.

Plato (429-347 B.C.), was born at or near Athens, where he was in his youth a disciple of Socrates and in his later life a teacher of philosophy in the "Academy."

Rand, Theodore Harding (1835-1909), was born in Nova Scotia, but spent much of his life at educational work in New Brunswick and Ontario.

Reade, John (1837), was born in Ireland but has spent most of his working life in journalism in Montreal.

Reid, Robert (1830), was born in Scotland, but has since 1877 been in mercantile life in Montreal.

Roberts, Charles George Douglas (1860), is a native of New Brunswick, but has done literary work also in Ontario and the United States. He is a prose writer as well as a poet.

Russell, Sir William Howard (1821), is a native of Ireland. His letters to the London "Times" during the Crimean war popularized war correspondence so much that it has become a special journalistic calling.

Scott, Sir Walter (1771-1832), was born in Edinburgh, but lived for some time at Abbotsford. In the earlier part of his literary life he wrote romantic poetry, but from 1814 he confined his writing to prose fiction.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe (1792-1822), was a native of England but spent his last four years in Italy, and wrote there most of his larger works. In spite of the shortness of his life he was a voluminous writer of poetry, much of which is of a high order of merit.

Smith, Horace (1780-1849), is a writer of humorous poetry in London, England.

Smith, Lyman Cyrus (1850), is a native of Ontario, and is engaged in educational work.

Smith, William Wye (1827), was born in Scotland, but resides as a retired clergyman in Ontario.

Story, William Wetmore (1819), a native of Massachusetts, is equally well-known as a sculptor and an author.

Tennyson, Alfred (1809-1892), was born in Lincolnshire, England. His literary work was confined exclusively to poetry to which he devoted himself assiduously for over sixty years. In 1851 he was created "Poet Laureate," and in 1883 he was made a peer of the realm.

Thomson, Edward William (1849), is a native of Ontario, but he has done most of his literary work in Boston, United States.

Trench, Richard Chenevix (1807), is a native of England, but is best known as Archbishop of Dublin. He has written popular poems and works on philology.

Tupper, Sir Charles (1821), has filled a prominent place in Canadian public life from which he retired in 1900. He was born in Nova Scotia and rose to eminence there before Confederation in 1867.

Westwood, Thomas (1814), is one of the minor English poets, but has written pieces of great merit.

Whittier, John Greenleaf (1808-1892), was born of Quaker parentage in Massachusetts. In spite of a defective education he became a popular poet.

Wordsworth, William (1770-1850), from early manhood devoted himself exclusively to writing poetry. His later life was spent in his native district, the lake and hill country of the north of England. He held the position of Poet Laureate from 1843 till his death.

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